

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



LANDED AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XXVI.—IN WHICH HENRY TALBOT LEARNS, TO HIS ASTONISHMENT, THAT, ACCORDING TO ALL LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS, HE MUST HAVE PERISHED AT SEA.

EARLY one morning, about three months after the Amazon sank beneath the waters of the Mexican Gulf, a fishing-sloop landed, upon the levée* at New Orleans, a party of pallid, cadaverous, wretchedly-clad

* The river at New Orleans rises above the level of the city, and consequently an embankment, boarded with planks, has been raised around it. This embankment, at which vessels load and discharge their cargoes and passengers, is termed "the levée."

No. 852.—APRIL 25, 1868.

creatures, ten in number, of whom five were males and five females—all of whom appeared as if they had recently risen from a sick-bed. Some staggered with weakness as they stepped from the sloop's deck to the shore, and the entire party, when they had collected together, looked about them with an air of indecision, as if they knew not what to do, or where to betake themselves to.

A crowd of idlers, comprising negroes, mulattos, French and Spanish creoles, interspersed with a few southern Yankees, collected together and stood gazing upon them with mingled compassion and curiosity, until

at length some of the more curious began to question them as to whence they came, whither they were going, and what had brought them to their present abject and destitute condition.

These were informed in reply, that the party consisted of a portion of the crew and passengers of the American packet-ship *Amazon*, who had escaped from the sinking ship and had been landed on the island of St. Domingo.

"We numbered eighteen when we landed," said a young man (the youngest, but healthiest-looking of the party), who acted as spokesman for his miserable companions; "but the captain of the ship, who was with us, and seven others, one of whom was a lady, have since died of fever, with which we have been all struck down. I had the lightest attack; for some of my companions have not yet recovered their strength, as you may perceive."

"Heow long hev yer been on the island, stranger?" inquired a tall western Yankee, who had forced his way into the crowd.

"About three months, as near as I can tell. I can't say to a day—hardly to a week."

"What on airth med yer stop *thar*, friend?"

"Simply because we were unable to get away."

"Why didn't you go tew yer consul? S'pose yer hed a consul?"

"No. The island is in a condition of anarchy and confusion: there is scarcely a white person residing on it; and if we had been French, the probability is that, wretched as we were, we should all have been massacred by the negroes and mulattos, who just now look upon all white people with suspicion, and upon the French with absolute hatred."

"Oh, yew'm bin alonger them 'ere niggers who'm sot up for theirselves, es I've heerd on. Heow did ye dew to fix yerselves when ye wor all deown wi' fever, stranger?"

"We did badly enough, as you may perceive from our looks. However, we found some compassionate people even among the negroes, and those among us who recovered from the fever, lived as we could—some days starving; other days living upon vegetables and fruits, sometimes catching a few fish, until at length the captain of a Savannah fishing sloop touched at the island, and took pity upon us, and offered to carry us to New Orleans."

"And what air yer goin' to dew now yer yere? Hev ye got any money?"

"A few dollars among us, that were made up by the captain and crew of the sloop and some of the people on the island."

"Waal, friends, I calculate ef you'm got money, ye'll find some folks es 'll be willin' tew take yer in, and fix up suthin' fur yer to eat, though yer dew look es skeery a lot o' critters es ever I see. Ef yer like tew foller me I'll show yer whar yer kin get took in till yer kin see yer consul, which I reckon yer'd best dew 'soon's yer kin. Them wimmen-critters don't look es ef they kin stand much more knockin' beout; and es fur es a dollar or tew goes, I don't mind helpin' feller-critters in such a fix es yew air."

"Eout o' the way, yer grinnin' niggers," cried the stalwart Yankee, forcing a passage through the crowd of mulattos and creoles; and, bidding the party follow him, he led the way through a number of dirty back-streets, until at length he stopped at the door of a restaurant, kept by a stout, middle-aged French creole woman, one "Madame Bidaud," whose name flourished in gaudy yellow letters over the front of the coffee-house.

"Hey, yew, Ma'am Bido," said the Yankee, hailing the good-tempered looking, brown-complexioned mistress of the establishment, whose gaudy attire appeared in strange contrast with the dingy, dark, dirty room into which the party were ushered by their new friend. "Yew fix up suthin' good, and plenty on't, right tew onest, fur these yere miser'ble critters, an' sot it deown to my 'ccount, and then see un' git the wimmin folks comferble tew bed."

"Oui, M'sieu," replied Madame Bidaud, smiling all over her round, fat face. "Viens, mes pauvres dames—asseoyez vous pres le feu," she added, addressing the women, when she was interrupted by the Yankee, who cried out—

"Come, yew Marm Bido, jist shet up that air lingo an' talk good 'Merican, es folks kin onderstand. Yer kin, arter a sorter fashion, yer know, and be smart and fix up suthin to eat."

Madame Bidaud replied in negro English, intermingled with creole French—a jargon almost equally unintelligible to the majority of the party, as had been her original speech—that she would hasten to do the Yankee's bidding, for the sake of "de poor massas and mesdames darselves," when one or two of the party interposed, and said that, poorly off as they were, they were able to pay for a breakfast.

"Yew jist shet up neow," answered the Yankee. "Marm Bido knows me, she dew, an' she'll jes' dew es I tell her, an' no tew words 'beout it. I'm Abiram Billings, I am, from Carr'lton, on the Mississipp'. What's your name, friend? I'm teold yer mine," he inquired of the young man who had been the spokesman of the party.

"Henry Talbot," was the reply.

"Waal, then, Master Talboots, yew jist tell yecur folk to take keer o' thar money. I dessay they an't got tew plenty on't. I reckon they ain't. Mebbe they'll want it all afore they die. I'm been hard up myself afore neow, I hâve, an' hedn't nought tew chuse atween, but a red Injin and an alligator, many's a time."

"And yew take my advice, young man. Sune es yew've hed suthen tew sot yer up, and the wimmen critters hes been made comfer'ble, yew jist h'ist up yer consul, and tell him es it's his bounden dewty fur tew look arter ye."

Abiram Billings remained until Madame Bidaud had set a comfortable breakfast before the party, when he insisted upon settling the score, there and then, and then took himself off.

Before, however, Henry Talbot could take Mr. Billings's advice, and seek out the British consul, the news had got noised through the city (which, at the period to which this history refers, was a much smaller, and a very different place from the New Orleans of the present day), that a party of sailors and passengers from the lost ship *Amazon* had landed on the levee, and betaken themselves to Madame Bidaud's; and they had scarcely breakfasted ere they were visited by several of the citizens, among whom were the editor and reporter of one of the newspapers.

Again Henry Talbot became the spokesman of the party, he being the only male passenger (the other men were common seamen.)

"Look'e here, mister. What's your name?" inquired the editor, after the young man had briefly narrated the sufferings of the party in the pinnace, after they had landed at St. Domingo.

"Henry Talbot."

"Waal, look'e here, Mister Talbot. This here story

Leisu
o' you
ain't.
wi' al
be los
to the
"V
Am
as we
bein'
from
in th
well
crew,
tew b
the n
noosp
ladies
at thi
To
assen
"M
publi
in aff
sea, a
"Y
you a
suppo
Gulf,
that—
"N
"Nev
denie
gone;
oppon
advan
"T
us?"
"A
piece
heerd
dooty
the p
majori
and I
majori
I reck
In suc
rescoe
mister
Wit
partur
of the
consul
arrival
himself
Fort
mattie
attenti
the au
congra
mised
the lac
the cor
• The
Orleans,
sent day
best con
this stor
the majo
class aim
Texas, ad

o' your'n may be very true. Mindye, I don't say es it ain't. But it ha'n't a good look wi' it. The Amazon, wi' all aboard, 'cept tew boat's crews, were reported tew be lost. Ain't it so, feller-citizens?" addressing himself to the bystanders, who nodded their acquiescence.

"Waal, now, lookye. Tew put it logical. The Amazon bein' reported tew be lost, and all on board, or, as were on board, 'cept tew boat-loads, and won boat bein' found bottom up, and the pinnacle never heard on from then till now, and them fac's bein' duly reported in the noospapers, es yew, respected feller-citizens, air well awar', I say it don't look well fur the pinnacle's crew, wi' no less than five of the ladies as were believed tew be drowned, tew turn up now. 'Taint 'cordin' tew the natur' of things, arter it's been duly reported in the noospapers, for this pinnacle's crew, and 'specially the ladies, which gave interest tew the report, tew turn up at this time o' day."

To this proposition there was a general murmur of assent,* and the editor continued—

"My noospaper, sir, the 'Lone Star of Trooth,' has published a full and akerate report of your loss, describin', in affectin' terms, heow you and these ladies perished at sea, and that report hev gone forth tew the world."

"You have but to deny that statement, and say that you are happy to say that the pinnacle of the Amazon, supposed to have been lost, with all on board, in the Gulf, happily reached the island of St. Domingo, and that—"

"Never, mister, never!" interrupted the editor. "Never shall it be said as the 'Lone Star of Trooth' denied what it once asserted. My repootation 'ud be gone; my circulation 'ud be ruined, and my political opponent, the 'Platform of Virtoo,' would gain an advantage which I should never hear the last on."

"Then you need not, I presume, say anything about us?"

"And allow my political opponent to squirt over a piece o' noos, es he'd hev no hesitation in sayin' I never heard on! No, sirree, I regret to say as I hold it my dooty tew sacrifice my private feelin's in the cause of the public, and declare yer to be an impostor. The majority of our citizens, sir, believe your folks to be lost, and I and you must conform tew the opinion of the majority, which air the basis of all trooth. My friend, I reckon you'll may hap be fur travellin' up country? In such case, let me warn you not to tell es you've been rescued to any of our people; they wun't stand it, mister—they wun't stand it."

With this the editor and his friends took their departure, and Henry, fearing another visit from the editor of the "Platform of Virtoo," hastened to the British consul's office, and acquainted that functionary with the arrival from St. Domingo, and the urgent distress of himself and his companions.

Fortunately the consul took a different view of the matter from that entertained by the editor. He listened attentively and pitifully to the young man's account of the sufferings that he and his companions had endured, congratulated him upon his and their escape, and promised them immediate assistance. Before the day closed, the ladies were removed to a respectable hotel; and the consul having learnt from Henry that it was his

wish to proceed westward up the Mississippi river, in search of employment from friends whom he hoped to find at St. Louis, provided the young man with the means of carrying his object into effect.

The sailors, who were Americans, applied to the mayor, and were sent home to their friends in the Northern States; and Henry, after having bidden farewell to his companions in suffering, soon set forth on his journey.

The morning after his arrival, however, the "Lone Star of Truth," (more to the amusement than to the vexation of himself and the ladies), devoted a whole column to demonstrate that, according to every logical axiom, the crew and passengers of the late ship Amazon having perished at sea (with the exception of those who had landed from two of the ship's boats on the Island of Cuba), it was morally and physically impossible that any of the said crew and passengers who had quitted the ship in the pinnacle could have survived; therefore, it stood clearly proved that any person or persons pretending to have been a portion of the said crew and passengers must be impostors, whatever assertions might be made to the contrary. On the other hand, the "Platform of Virtue" devoted a leading article to show that the editor of the "Lone Star of Truth" was a conceited blockhead, who invariably jumped to false conclusions, and added that he not only congratulated the surviving crew and passengers of the pinnacle on their happy escape from the niggers, but also hoped that he should yet have to congratulate the crew of the boat that had been found bottom up, upon their escape from the dangers of the deep. "In fact," he wrote, in conclusion, "we should not be greatly surprised if some of these days the Amazon herself were to make her appearance in port, if it were only to prove the utter fallacy of every assertion that has appeared in the 'Lone Star of Truth.'"

The citizens of the then comparatively small city took different views, according to the papers which they patronised; and Henry and his friends found themselves the objects of so much alternate compassion and reproach that they were heartily glad when they were enabled to escape from the place.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IN WHICH HENRY TALBOT EMBARKS ON A VOYAGE UP THE MISSISSIPPI, AS FAR AS ST. LOUIS.

UNDER very different auspices from those which he had so confidently and proudly anticipated, Henry Talbot commenced his travels in America.

The few letters of introduction given to him by Mr. Aston (those of the most importance, Mr. Aston's sudden attack of illness had prevented him from giving) had sunk with the Amazon, and he had forgotten the names of many of those to whom they had been directed. He remembered, however, the name of the New Orleans merchant, who had acquainted Mr. Aston with the loss of the Amazon; but when he called at this gentleman's office, he learnt that the merchant and his family, as usual at that (the sickly) season, had left the city, and were travelling in the Northern States. He at length bethought him of the name of a merchant in St. Louis, to whom also he had had a letter of introduction, and he determined at once to proceed to that city, and try what good fortune might yet be in store for him. For some time he had hesitated whether or not to write to his sister, but he had decided in the negative.

"Mary," he thought, "will have heard of the fate of the Amazon ere now. She will have got over her first great sorrow at my supposed loss, and if I acquaint her

* The author intends no disrespectful allusion to the citizens of New Orleans, nor to the editors of the newspapers of the city of the present day, the New Orleans journals being now among the ablest and best conducted in the Union. But the New Orleans of the date to which this story refers had but lately become a city of the United States, and the majority of its inhabitants (otherwise than the French) were of a class similar to those which, at a later period, occupied the state of Texas, adjoining the state of which New Orleans is the capital.

with my present destitute condition I shall only cause her fresh sorrow and anxiety. I will wait until fortune smiles upon me, when I shall be able to write cheerfully."

There was, perhaps, more of pride than of a desire to save his sister from anxiety in the young man's determination, since he well knew that Mary would rejoice to hear that he was still living; but be that as it may, he quieted his own conscience with the pretence that he was saving the feelings of his sister, to whom he was really ashamed to write how low his hopes had fallen.

Thus it happened that, on the sixth day after his arrival at New Orleans, he embarked on board a flat-boat (steamboats had not yet made their appearance on the Mississippi) bound for St. Louis—a distance of more than twelve hundred miles—his sole wealth consisting of a scanty outfit, and the few dollars, barely sufficient to defray the necessary expenses of the journey, presented to him by the British consul.

Still, blank as his future appeared, different as were his present prospects from his former bright anticipations, he was hopeful and cheerful with the buoyancy of youth.

The voyage at least possessed the charm of novelty, although in other respects it promised to be far from an agreeable one.

The boat, possessing few accommodations, was crowded with passengers, consisting chiefly of settlers from different parts of the South-west, who had been to New Orleans to dispose of the produce of their "clearings," or of the spoils of the chase during the preceding winter, and to purchase the few simple necessities required in their isolated, half-savage mode of living.

Broad as is the Mississippi (the Great Father of Waters), it is very shallow for a considerable distance above New Orleans. Poles and oars were in constant requisition to keep the boat from grounding; and thus fourteen days were expended, ere Natchez—only three hundred and twenty miles above the mouth of the river—was reached. The muddy water, the gloomy forest-skirted banks, on which only a few wretched hovels, inhabited by fishermen, were to be seen, rendered this portion of the voyage monotonous in the extreme.

Beyond Natchez, however, the scenery became more picturesque. The woods rejoiced in the genial warmth of a Southern sun. The deep green of the grass of the yet early spring, and the light, silvery hue of the maple trees, contrasted with the darker shades of various pines; red and white fruit-blossoms peeped out from the thickets of copsewood; birds of gorgeous plumage flew to and fro from branch to branch; and from countless wild flowers a delicious perfume was wafted on the gentle breeze.

Still, the lack of any signs of human life was remarkable. Now and then, as before—at wide distances apart—some fisherman's or pilot's hovel might be seen, deeply embosomed in the woods, and some few children would come occasionally down to the banks to watch the boat as it floated by, and to shout after it as long as it remained in view. More rarely still, an Indian encampment might be observed, the squaws busied in cooking or basket-weaving, while their dusky lords lounged idly in front of the wigwams, or stood scowling upon the shore; and now and then a canoe would put off, generally paddled by squaws, who pertinaciously offered their wares for sale to the passengers.

These signs of human life were, however, few and far between. Frequently, for days together, the boat passed on her solitary way over the turbid stream, between silent forests, apparently deserted to the prowling

wolf, since the last of the Powhattans fled to their retreats in the distant West.

No sound of busy axe awakened the echoes of the glens; not a tree appeared to have been hewn for ages; not a branch lopped off. The seed fell and took root; the young plant grew until it became a hoary denizen of the forest, and time at length withered its branches and decayed its trunk; a blast of wind laid it prostrate on the ground, where it rotted away, until scarcely a difference could be discerned between it and the huge, scaly alligator which crouched in the mud by its side.

Such was a voyage up the Mississippi forty or fifty years ago, and the aspect of things is not greatly changed at the present day, only that now-a-days snorting, high-pressure steamboats have replaced the slow-moving flat-boats, which in former times solely enlivened the scene. But now, as then, there is a strange contrast between the life and bustle apparent on the northern rivers, and the dreary solitude which prevails on the waters of the lower portion of the mighty Mississippi.

Five or six hundred miles up the river, however, the scene was changed. Then planters' dwellings became numerous on either shore. Fishing-boats, manned by chattering negroes, dotted the stream, sometimes moored to the "snags" or trees that have washed off from the shore, and having become embedded at one end in the mud, saw, as it were, to and fro, and up and down, and greatly impede and endanger navigation. There was no longer one unbroken line of forest on both shores; but wide clearings were to be seen, cultivated with cotton bushes, amidst which hundreds of negroes of both sexes and all ages were at work, and all was life and activity.

Now the passengers began to disembark, and others to take their places. There are no quays or piers on the western streams; the boats, therefore, go on shore into the soft mud banks, a plank is laid between the deck and the shore, and the passengers scramble up and down the bluffs as best they may.

Still the passengers continued to be, with few exceptions, of the same class—a very different people—almost, it would seem, a different race, from the passengers who throng the boats on the northern rivers; hunters from the yet unbroken forests of the Far West; young farmers from the newly-settled districts, and a few dandies, the sons of wealthy planters.

The style of costume embraced all the strange variety of Mississippi fashion. The backwoodsmen wore their leather hunting-shirts and fringed leather pantaloons, looking like Indians, and almost as dark-coloured, by the effects of sun and weather; the farmers were clad in home-made garments of antique cut, and of butter-nut colour, while the young planters appeared in all the glory of blue coats, white trousers, straw hats, and patent-leather boots. All, however, were prodigal of strange oaths, all chewed tobacco incessantly, and used the deck as one vast spittoon, and all divided their time equally between gambling, whittling, and drinking and sleeping, while there were few among them who were not armed with either pistols or bowie-knives, which they appeared ready to display, and to use, on very slight provocation.

It must not, however, be supposed that Henry Talbot met on board the flat-boat with a fair specimen of the white society of the South. He, like many other travellers, was at first inclined to form an erroneous idea of the planters, and others among whom he was about to cast his lot, from the persons he met with during the voyage, being then unaware of the fact that the wealthiest and more refined inhabitants of the South do not throng the great highways of land or water, but lead a

quiet, and, it must be said, generally inactive life, in their country houses.

At length, after a passage of nearly a month (now frequently accomplished, notwithstanding the numerous stoppages, in a week), the flat-boat on board of which Henry Talbot had taken passage drew near St. Louis—the enterprising and growing capital of the West.

For some days before, there had no longer been any cause of surprise or complaint at the solitude of the Mississippi. The river was thronged with flat-boats, barges, and sailing craft of every description, as it is at the present day with steamboats; some crowded with passengers bound down and up the mighty stream; some laden with cotton or with general produce; some about to force their way to the very source of the Missouri, and to penetrate into solitudes as yet unvisited by the white man. A restless eagerness seemed to have taken possession of the people—a desire to seek something—to accomplish something, as yet unheard of. A hundred years before, the surrounding country—the great valley of the Mississippi—was penetrated by the Spaniards, who, however, accomplished little more for its civilisation than had the wandering aboriginal tribes. The French succeeded, and still the great Father of Waters continued to flow through a solitude, from its source among the Rocky Mountains, to its mouth at the “delta” of New Orleans. Then, however, the valley fell under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race, and, as if by magic, the face of nature underwent a change. Merely rang the woodman’s axe through the hitherto silent forest, and amid the wild brushwood brakes; villages started into existence, where solitary wigwags had alone formerly occupied the sites; the planter laid out his cotton-fields, the sugar-cane rose tall and green amid the charred stumps of forest trees. The lonely hunters and trappers were driven to more distant fields, and the Indians retired gloomily and savagely to the distant wilds of Arkansas, to bide the time, not far distant, when all of their race shall be gathered to their fathers, and the aborigines of a vast hemisphere shall only live in the traditions of the past.

Very soon, the boat drew alongside the wharf at St. Louis—then a small city in comparison with what it is now, but then, as still, the emporium of all the vast country bordering on the Missouri and central Mississippi.

Almost as penniless as when he landed at New Orleans, though somewhat better fed and better clad, Henry Talbot strolled through the narrow, inconvenient streets, lined chiefly with wooden houses, but thronged with adventurers from all parts of the Union, all absorbed in the one great object in their eyes—the desire to improve their fortunes. The busy hum of trade and barter was incessant. It was scarcely possible to stroll through the streets without becoming infected with the eager spirit of gain that possessed the inhabitants of every class.

At the period of which I write, St. Louis was what St. Paul, Minnesota, and other cities of the still farther west, have since become—the resort of adventurers of every description, utterly reckless, often unprincipled, careless whither they went, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but the one great object of gain which had brought them from their homes and families in the north, the south, the east, to found new homes in the western wilderness.

St. Louis has since become a large and opulent city, of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is continually increasing in extent and worth. It has now a large permanent population of wealthy

merchants and traders, and possesses all the requirements of a great metropolis; yet still there is a restlessness in its people that the traveller cannot fail to mark, and which he will not have seen in its intensity until he has arrived at the great nucleus and present emporium of the Far West.

The young Englishman soon found out the residence of the merchant to whom Mr. Aston had given him letters of introduction, and whose name he fortunately remembered. He introduced himself, and told his sad story; and, though he was at first regarded with some suspicion, and keenly questioned and cross-questioned, he was at length believed, and employment was soon provided for him. But he had already learnt that his expectations of fortune were not likely to be so quickly realised as he had anticipated, and that, in America—the land of enterprise and industry, *par excellence*—life may be a long struggle with poverty and hardship, if the adventurer bring nothing with him but mere intelligence, and be without knowledge of any special craft or calling. The knowledge he had acquired at Eton was of no value to him whatever in this far-western district of the new world, nor was the little experience he had gleaned in the lawyer’s office of much greater benefit. Utterly unacquainted with trading or book-keeping, and untrained to any description of manual labour, he was of little real service to his employer, who, however, continued to retain him in his office, for the sake of his friend Mr. Aston, until the young man himself, finding his occupation distasteful to him, and feeling desirous of more active employment, determined, at the expiration of three months, to seek his fortune farther north. Having contrived to save a little money, he at length acquainted the merchant with the object he had in view.

“What do ye think of doing to benefit yourself, young man?” inquired the merchant.

“Anything I can find to do that I am competent to perform,” was the reply.

“Well, young man,” said the merchant, “ye arn’t o’ no partecklar use to me, that’s a fao’. Your folk ought to have brought ye up more ’cute afore they sent ye out west. I s’pose in the first place ye’ll be huntin’ up Mr. Morton’s folk?”

“Mr. Morton’s folk!” exclaimed Henry.

“What am I am thinkin’ on?—Aston I mean, in course. You’ll be huntin’ them up?”

“I was to have had letters to them,” replied Henry. “Mr. Aston had prepared them for me, I have every reason to think, on the very day on which he was seized with sudden and dangerous illness. He was on the point of speaking of his home and his son and daughter. In fact he had already mentioned their names, when he became speechless. I almost think that I should have gone to them direct from New Orleans had I known where to find them; but I know nothing of them except that they live on the western shore of Lake Michigan.”

“Well, I kin tell ye where to find ’em,” continued the merchant; “and ef Mr. Mor—Mr. Aston, I mean—was goin’ to give you letters, I s’pose there’s no harm in d’rectin’ ye. I’ve been thinkin’ ye might find employment as ’ud suit ye on the lake. Ye arn’t much fit for a countin’ house, but you know figures, and you’d do very well for a purser on one o’ the lake boats. Water-town’s the name of the place where they live; and as ’tarn’t fur from Milwaukie, I’ll give ye letters to a foo o’ the cap’ens o’ the lake vessels, and mayhap ye’ll git a berth from one o’ t’other on ’em. And now ye’ll be wantin’ your pay, I s’pose?”

Henry replied that he should be glad to receive the small amount of salary due to him, and the merchant, with the generosity frequently met with among Americans, added to the trifling sum a parting gift of fifty dollars.

A few days afterwards the young Englishman bade farewell to the friendly merchant, and set forth on his second journey through what was almost the extreme west of the settled portion of the North American continent.

This time, however, he chose to travel by land, though, had he been so minded, he still might have followed the windings of the vast Mississippi river as far as Fort Crawford—only a hundred miles westward from the south shore of Lake Michigan.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

III.

DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

PECULIARITIES of costume always strike a traveller's eye, and the Japanese have certainly a style which is all their own. Women of the lower class wear a long loose dressing-gown sort of garment, that folds in front; a broad girdle is passed round the waist, and fastened in an immense bow behind. The hair is dressed very carefully, and in a peculiar fashion, which will be afterwards described, and the feet are covered with cotton-cloth stockings, made like an infant's glove, the great toe being separated from the others. This makes the foot somewhat resemble a cloven hoof when thrust into the sandals, which are only worn out of doors, and put off on entering a house, that the matted floor may remain unsullied. These sandals are held on the foot by a soft leather band, which passes over the instep and inside the great toe; the sole is composed of leather, shod with iron under the heel, and a layer of beautifully fine-plaited bamboo, on which the foot rests. Men, women, and children all wear sandals of the same pattern, differing only in size and quality. Men and women also in wet weather put on high patens of wood, plain or lacquered; they must be very dangerous to walk in without great practice, and yet they are in constant use, even when the snow lies on the ground. Ladies wear many petticoats, with trains as long as those prescribed in the year 1867 by European modistes. In fact, the latest fashions from Paris seem inspired by Japanese tastes, the high chignon, the silken bow tied behind, and long narrow petticoats, being all seemingly copied from Japanese costumes. In out-of-doors dress the colours are quiet, great attention being paid both to harmony and contrast. The prevailing hues are grey, black, and dark-blue for the dress, and brilliant crimson and rose colour for the scarves which encircle the waist. Silk and cotton materials are chiefly used, and beautiful fabrics are manufactured from the former product. Extraordinary labour is taken with one kind of scarf, made of a loosely-woven crape. Before being subjected to dyeing, it is caught up at regular distances in pyramidal twists; when it has been passed through the dye-pot, the twisted parts are left white, and a curious parti-coloured, almost elastic tissue is the result of the process.

At home most gorgeous garments are worn, with very striking patterns, and the ingenuity of the designer must be as severely taxed as in Western countries to invent new ones. But the circumstance which makes Japanese ladies look most strange is, that so many of them have black teeth, and are without eyebrows; when

the mouth opens for a smile, a yawning black chasm is seen, made uglier by the deep red colour of the painted lips. These great disfigurements have, however, a meaning, and are the tokens of matrimony. Every married woman, instead of wearing a golden circlet on her finger, makes herself hideous as a matter of course; it is, perhaps, to prove that she loves but one, in whose eyes she ought to be beautiful under any circumstances. Her blackened teeth and face, rendered meaningless by the absence of eyebrows, are a passport to her everywhere, and she is permitted the utmost freedom of action. Until they undergo this voluntary disfigurement, Japanese women are, as a rule, very pretty, and even this alteration does not altogether destroy the charm of their appearance and manner. The teeth are blackened by a mixture of steel filings; every day they are cleaned with a powerful tooth-powder, and the mixture re-applied. Custom has wonderful influence; but we think that young English ladies would ponder a long time before uttering the "Yes" which must be followed by such a transformation.

STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

Like all Eastern women, our sisters in Japan take great pains with their hair, disposing it in large loops and bows, drawn off the face, and gathered in a chignon behind. The colour is a glossy black, and it is smoothed with a bandoline, made by placing the shavings of the *Uvario Japonica*, a creeping plant, in water; a mucilaginous liquid is produced resembling a decoction of quince seed, and this serves to prevent the hair becoming rough and disordered, which is of special importance, as no covering to the head is worn out of doors in fine weather. Individual taste is not suffered to determine the style of dressing the hair, except in the matter of ornament, it being always arranged in the same fashion. The glossy black of the hair contrasts with the bright coloured pins and flowers which are placed in it; the brilliant scarlet pomegranate, the bright tinted azalea, the delicate white Cape jasmine, and the primrose-hued *lar-mai*, are all used to adorn the jetty tresses of the Japanese ladies. The pins are mostly made of white glass filled with coloured water, generally of a golden sherry tint; they stick out from the head, and remind one somewhat of a *cheveaux-de-frise*. Some years since, combs and ornaments made of glass, filled with various chemical preparations, such as sulphate of quinine, etc., through which the electric spark was flashed, were exhibited in some of our scientific institutions. The idea of filling glass ornaments for the hair with coloured preparations was novel to Europeans; but in the Far East these fragile ornaments have been in use for a long time. Of course, accidents will happen, and a lady may easily lose a large portion of her head-gear by a fall. That the coiffure may not be disturbed during sleep, the head is placed on a small pillow of flexible bamboo.

PAPER.

This is an article of the greatest utility to our sisters in Japan. Not only do they use paper fans, paper pouches, and paper lanterns, but also paper pocket-handkerchiefs, paper umbrellas, paper waterproof cloaks, paper walls, paper windows, and paper string. When a collection of the different kinds of paper was made, to be sent to the Exhibition of 1862, no less than sixty-seven varieties were forwarded; and, in fact, without paper to turn to a thousand and one different purposes of use and ornament, Japanese life would be at a standstill. So necessary is it, that a stipulation is always made in the

marriage contract that the bride shall receive a certain allowance of paper.

The Japanese obtain it from a different source from our own. Instead of old rags being converted into clean paper, they make use of the bark of the *Broussonetia papyfera*, stripped, dried, and then steeped in water till the outer green layer comes off. It is boiled and rendered quite soft, beaten to a pulp, and then two other kinds of bark are added, one to make it tough, and the other glutinous; the latter is often the bark of the *Sane Kadsra* or *Uvario Japonica*, a creeping plant, which has already been mentioned as the plant which the Japanese women use to make bandoline. The whole is then well mixed, and spread out in thin sheets on matting frames, and dried. It is cheap, four sheets of the ordinary quality being worth about one farthing. It is a paper that does not tear evenly; some kinds are tough—more like cloth. When required for string, it is deftly twisted into a strong twine, which in some cases is made of part of the paper forming the wrapper. The paper used to cover the framework walls is quite thin and can easily be torn, so that privacy is very difficult of attainment.

When oiled, it is made into waterproof clothing, or stretched on a neatly constructed bamboo frame and used as an umbrella. One kind is manufactured to assume the appearance of leather, and is made into tobacco-pouches, pipe, and fan-cases. The conjurors use a kind of white tissue paper in the famous butterfly trick, when a scrap, artistically twisted, hovers over a paper fan with all the fluttering movements of the living insect.

ABYSSINIAN NOTES.

WHATEVER other results may follow the Abyssinian expedition, we are certain to obtain much knowledge of the physical geography, geology, and natural history of the country. The Royal Geographical Society is represented by Mr. Clements Markham, who has communicated valuable reports on the districts hitherto explored. Before the war is over, and the country evacuated, we may hope to have ample and accurate knowledge of the land and people of "Ethiopia."

The following extracts from Mr. Markham's reports describe some of the places mentioned in the narratives of the expedition from the coast to the interior:—

At Annesley Bay he says that the sea is very shallow for some distance from the shore, and the spring tides rise so as to cover a considerable area of the low land, which, near the beach, has a slope of one in four hundred. The ordinary rise and fall of the tide is four feet six inches. The plain looks green from the anchorage, and when it is clear there is a magnificent view of the Abyssinian Alps. The ridges appear to rise one above the other in a succession of waves. On landing, the illusion as to the greenness of the plain is dissipated. A sandy plain overlying the clay extends from the sea shore to the mountains. It is intersected by dry beds of torrents, overgrown with such plants as *salicornia*, *acacia*, and *calotropis*; and there are also patches of coarse grass. On a few mounds were found broken pieces of fluted columns, capitals, and fragments of a very dark-coloured volcanic stone. A slight excavation revealed the bronze balance and chain of a pair of scales—an appropriate first discovery in the ruins of a great commercial city which existed when the Greeks, in the days of the Ptolemies, carried on a thriving trade with Annesley Bay.

The modern village of Zoulla is at a little distance from the mounds on the right bank of the Hadas, one of

the streams which crosses the plain. The Shohoes inhabiting it are a black race, with rather woolly hair, and small-boned, but with regular and, in some instances, even handsome features. They wear cotton cloth round the middle, and a cloak of the same material. Their head and feet are bare, and they are armed with a curved sword, worn on the right side, a spear, a club, and a leather shield. They cultivate a little jowaree, and have cattle of a very diminutive breed, asses, horses, and sheep. Their huts are scattered over the plain. Their burial-places are extensive, and appear to be used by the people for a considerable distance around them, there being only two between the coast and the entrance to the Senafé Pass. The mode of sepulture is peculiar. The graves are marked by oblong heaps of stone, with upright slabs at each end. A hole is dug about six feet in depth, and at the bottom a small cave is excavated for the reception of the body. The tomb is closed with stones, and the hole leading to it is filled up. The plain around Zoulla abounds in game—antelopes, gazelles, hares, bustards, and spur-fowl. During rains the game is said to be still more plentiful. The coast rains usually commence in December, but there is no great fall; and, beyond a drizzling morning on the 15th of last December, there was no rain up to the end of the month.

At Lower Ragolay a great salt plain extended to the south as far as the eye could reach. The ground was white with incrustations of salt. The whole region had been under volcanic action. Evidences of it were observed at every turn. The most valuable discovery made was the nature of the Ragolay River system. It was ascertained that the eastern drainage of the whole Abyssinian watershed from Senafé to Atebi consisted of tributaries of the Ragolay River; and these two places are about seventy geographical miles from each other. Where the party touched the river it was a perennial stream. In flowing towards the sea, it descends into a depression 193 feet below the sea level, probably caused by some violent volcanic action, and its waters are finally dissipated by evaporation under the intense heat of a scorching sun, and by absorption in the sand. The great salt plain may be looked upon as occupying the place of a vast lake outlet. Under similar circumstances such a lake would exist in a less burning climate; but here the heat of the sun gives rise to such rapid evaporation that no moisture remains except a swamp here and there, and the ground is left with an incrustation of salt.

The Senafé Pass was first examined early in November, and the advanced brigade were led up it between the 1st and 6th December. Koomayloo, the entrance, ten miles west from the camp at Mulkutto, is 433 feet above the level of the sea. The road winds up the dry bed of the Nebhaguddy to Lower Sooroo, a distance of eight miles. In places the alluvial deposit brought down by the torrent was from ten to twenty feet thick. The pass winds very much, and is narrow, whilst the gneiss mountains rise up perpendicularly on either side. In this part the vegetation is like that of the coast plain. At Lower Sooroo the rain-water which flows from Upper Sooroo, four miles off, is lost. Volcanic action is here distinctly visible. The gneiss cliffs are perpendicular on the west side, and in one place a vertical crack, some five feet in width, is filled in with a black volcanic rock. The eye is caught by it at once; it looks like a broad black mark painted on the face of the cliff from the summit of the pass. The road turns sharp to the right, and enters a very narrow pass at Middle Sooroo. It is not more than from 50 feet to 100 feet across, with cliffs on either side, rising to a

height of 1,000 feet, while the pass is (or was) blocked up with gigantic boulders of gneiss heaped together in wild confusion for a distance of 250 yards. The scenery here is magnificent.



AN ABYSSINIAN SOLDIER.

At Upper Sooroo, twelve miles from Koomayloo, the pass opens again. The water is excellent and plentiful. Upper Sooroo is 2,520 feet above the level of the sea. Further on, near Sowakte, the gneiss ceases, and dark schistose metamorphic rock takes its place, apparently overlying it, with strata thrown up at angles of upwards of 70 degrees. It was observable that where there was running water the strata were nearly horizontal, and but slightly tilted, while the waterless tracts were met with where the strata were tilted at great angles. A plain was passed where there were guinea-fowl, candelabra-trees, and aloes, and the scenery in the pass became fine. The cliffs became higher, with peaked mountains towering up behind them, and the vegetation became richer and more varied. The strata of the schistose rocks are not only tilted at great angles, but crumpled into irregular waves, and where there are veins of quartz, the two kinds of rocks are torn away, leaving gaping cracks and fissures. Here there grew figs, peepul, banyan, sycamore, tamarind, jubub, and solanum trees and plants. The pass winds in and out among the mountains. At several spots the cliffs approach within forty feet, while the foliage of four or five venerable banyan trees overshadow the road. In some places there was

a perfect plague of locusts, which rose from the ground in myriads as the party approached, their innumerable wings making a loud crackling noise. Monkeys were numerous in places, and the carcasses of mules had attracted hosts of Abyssinian vultures.

From Upper Sooroo to Rara Guddy the flora becomes alpine. There is turf by the roadside, and there are tall, handsome juniper pines, mimosæ, peepul, banyan, sycamore, fig, kolquall, and jubub trees, an evergreen bush with sweetly-scented flowers (*Myrsine Africana*), lobelia, solanum, and wild thyme, while the graceful clematis climbs over the trees. Senafé is on the tableland, eight miles from Rara Guddy; it is five miles to the foot of the ascent, one mile and a half up the ascent, and one mile and a half across the plateau. The length of the gorge from Komayli to the foot of the ascent to Senafé is thus forty-six miles. The ascent of the sloping rocky side of the hill is by no means difficult, and the plateau of Abyssinia is thus reached.

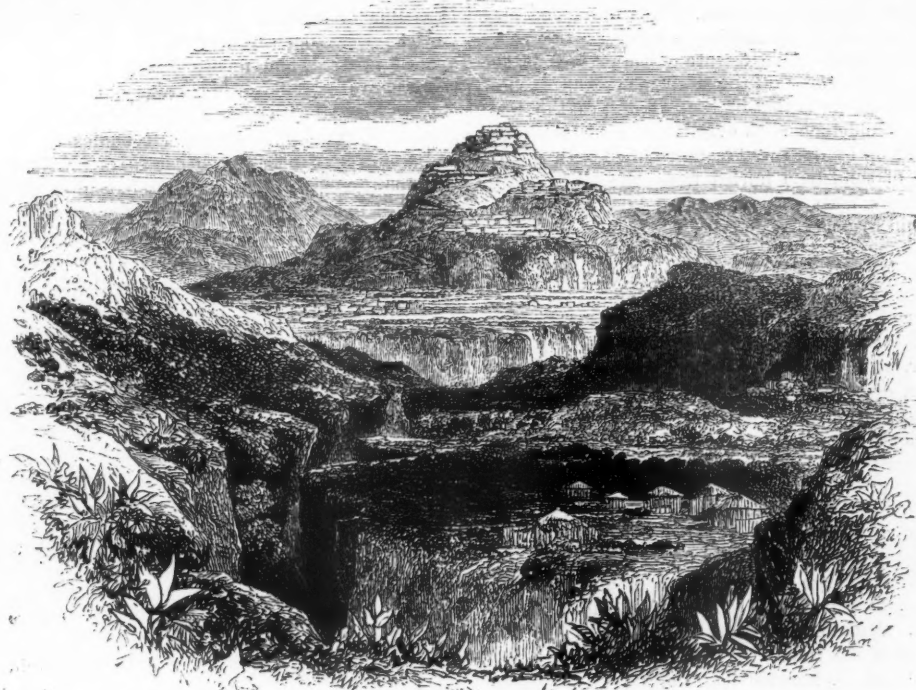
The British camp at Senafé is on a plain, surrounded on every side but the south-west by an amphitheatre of sandstone hills and rocks. This sandstone seems to overlie the metamorphic rocks in the pass. All the table hills towards the south and west are said to be of the same formation. Senafé is 7,464 feet above the level of the sea. The plain is covered with grass or stubble, barley fields dotted with juniper pine, wild thyme, and other bushes. Northward is a scarp 8,561 feet high. A north-west view over the Hamas valley shows flat-topped mountains rising one above the other into the far distance. Within half a mile of the camp are four remarkable masses of sandstone, each of which rises out of the plain in a confused mass of peaks and precipices. South-west there is a slight rise to a rocky ridge, where the land slopes gently down into an extensive plain, bounded by mountains. South-east, a wild gorge leads to the Ragolay river, down which the drainage of the Senafé plain flows, after furnishing abundant supplies of excellent water. The village of Senafé is at the foot of a grand mass of sandstone rock. It consists of about a dozen houses built of rough stones and mud, with flat roofs, branches being placed in rows across beams and covered with mud. Broken jars plastered into the roof serve as chimneys. The outer door is very roughly formed with wooden posts and lintel, and leads into a large outer hall. This serves as a stable for cattle and goats. A mud platform along one side is the sleeping-place for servants and guests. Doors lead from this into two much smaller chambers occupied by the family. The population of Senafé is about 240, all Mohammedans, an upright people, with good features, very black complexions, and woolly hair done in plaits. The women are filthily dirty, and wear leather petticoat and mantle and necklaces of beads. The dress of the men differs from that of the Shohoes in their having cotton drawers. Senafé is the last Mohammedan village; all beyond in the village of Shamazana are Christians.

One remarkable feature of the region is the number of plateaux, whose summits form a straight level, terminating in scarped sandstone cliffs with underlying schist rocks, the plateaux being diversified with flat-topped peaks and separated by deep ravines and wide valleys.

In the valleys the edges of schistose rock crop up in every direction, with veins of white quartz, the stones and pebbles of which cover the shallow soil of disintegrated rock. Here and there rocks rise and form isolated conical hills, upon which the villages are built. Wherever the hills rise above a certain height they are capped with

sandstone. This sandstone deposit has been washed away in the valleys until the underlying schist is exposed. The schist is first met with in the Senafé pass at an

quented by flocks of geese and ducks, kullum (a kind of heron), ibis, and curlew. Slopes around the village are ploughed, and yield crops of barley, and the low lands



ANKOBAR, CAPITAL OF SHOA.

elevation of 3,000 feet; it is overlaid by sandstone at a height of 7,000 feet, so that the perpendicular depth of

afford pasture for cattle and sheep.

The population of sixteen villages in the valley, including



INTERIOR OF ABYSSINIAN HOUSE.

this formation must be 4,000 feet. Eastward, low parts of the valley are covered with excellent pasture, fre-

Senafé, is about 5,000 souls. From the 1st of January to the 15th they furnished 60,000lb. of barley, and

200,000lb. of grass. Some of this comes from the neighbouring valley of Mai Mena. Westward there are long, deep, and very picturesque gorges, with perennial streams of delicious water forming deep pools among the giant boulders of sandstone. This difference may have been caused by increasing rainfall as the party advanced westward. One feature of the ravines is the river beds, which carry off the drainage. The deepest and grandest gorge is that of the Hamas, to the west of Senafé. Sandstone cliffs overlie the schistose rock, which is cut up by deep watercourses filled with gigantic masses of sandstone hurled from the cliffs above. These boulders form deep caves, the lurking places of panthers and hyænas.

A most interesting point of observation in this Alpine region is the character of the vegetation with reference to the zones of elevation. On the summit and slopes of Sowayra (9,100ft.) the flora is of a thoroughly temperate and even English character. The only tree is the juniper, while the most common plants are lavender, wild thyme, dog roses, clematis, violets, and cowslips.

The sandstone plateaux have the same flora; but the highland slopes of the hills bounding the valleys are enriched by many trees and shrubs of a warmer climate. In the lovely gorge of Baraka, rendered sacred by the shrine and church of the Abyssinian saint, Romanos, and his fellow martyrs, masses of maidenhair fern droop over the clear pools of water, and the undergrowth consists of a myrsine, a large lobelia, and solanum. At this elevation vegetation akin to that of the Bombay ghauts commences. Huge and venerable dahio trees (the representatives of the Indian banyan) grow near the villages and afford shelter for flocks of pigeons. Tamarinds, mimosa, jubul, and cleander-trees appear in the ravines. But the English types around Mount Sowayra do not descend lower than Rara Guddy, 6,000 feet above the sea, and they disappear altogether in the Hamas gorge, where there is nothing but acacias and mimosa. Thus the temperate flora may be said to extend over a zone from 9,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea; the subtropical from 6,000 to 3,000 feet; and the dry tropical coast vegetation from 3,000 feet above the sea. The open elevated valleys are, as a rule, bare of trees. The dahios and acacias only occur in sheltered places near the villages, although the loftier plateaux are pretty thickly covered with low juniper trees, overgrown with clematis.

CURIOSITIES OF LAMBETH.

II.

LAMBETH has for two centuries been noted for its places of public amusement. Vauxhall, the early "Spring Garden," was named, from its site in the manor of "La Sale Fawkes," Fawkeshall, from its possessor, an obscure Norman adventurer in the reign of King John. The estate was laid out as a garden about 1661, in squares, "enclosed with hedges of gooseberries, within which were roses, beans, and asparagus." Sir Samuel Morland took a lease of the place in 1665, and added fountains and a sumptuously furnished room for the reception of Charles II and his court; and a plan, dated 1681, shows the gardens planted with trees, and laid out in walks, and a circle of trees or shrubs. They were frequented by Evelyn and Pepys; and Addison, in the "Spectator," 1712, takes Sir Roger de Coverley there. In 1728, the gardens were leased to Jonathan Tyers, who converted the house into a tavern, decorated the grounds with paintings, erected an orchestra and alcoves, and set up an organ. Hogarth and Hayman

painted the pavilions and supper-boxes, and vocal and instrumental music were added. Horace Walpole and Fielding visited the gardens, which were then illuminated with 1,000 lamps; and Oliver Goldsmith and Miss Burney describe the Vauxhall of their time. The gardens were open from 1732 to 1840; they were reopened in 1841, and finally closed in 1859, when the theatre, orchestra, firework gallery, fountains, statues, etc., were sold; with a few mechanical models, such as Sir Samuel Morland, "Master of Mechanics to Charles II," had set up here nearly two centuries previously. The site was then cleared, and a church, vaulted throughout, was built upon a portion of the ground, besides a School of Arts, etc. Westward of Vauxhall were the Cumberland Tea Gardens, named after the great Duke; the site is now crossed by Vauxhall Bridge Road. An earlier garden was the Dog and Duck, dated from 1617, the year upon the sign-stone preserved in the garden-wall of Bethlehem Hospital, built upon the site. At the Dog and Duck, Mrs. Hannah More lays a scene in her excellent tract, "The Cheapside Apprentice." At Lambeth, also, were the Hercules Inn and Gardens, the Apollo Gardens, the Temple of Flora, etc. A century earlier, here were Lambeth Wells, the mineral water of which was sold at a penny a quart. About 1750, a musical society was held here, and lectures were given by Erasmus King, who had been coachman to Dr. Desaguliers, the first that introduced the reading of lectures to the public on natural and experimental philosophy: he several times read before George II and royal family.

It will be sufficient to name Astley's Amphitheatre, burnt in 1794, 1803, and 1841; near the site of the first theatre, the ground landlord had a preserve or breed of pheasants. The Surrey Theatre, in St. George's Fields, has been twice burnt. The Victoria Theatre was founded in 1817, with the stone materials of the old Savoy Palace, Strand, then being cleared away.

Some public institutions in Lambeth are entitled to special mention. Here was the Asylum for Female Orphans, established chiefly through Sir John Fielding, the police magistrate, whose portrait Hogarth painted; the premises have been rebuilt at Beddington. Next is the Magdalen Hospital, which dates from 1758, patronised by Queen Charlotte fifty-six years, and by Queen Victoria since 1841. Bethlehem Hospital was rebuilt here in 1814, when the old hospital in Moorfields was taken down; adjoining is the House of Occupation, built upon the demolition of Bridewell Hospital. Hard by is the School for the Indigent Blind, originally established in the Dog and Duck premises, but rebuilt in the Tudor style in 1834.

A street in Lambeth was the scene of a strange event in our criminal history. In Oakley Street, at a low tavern, in November, 1802, Colonel Despard, with thirty-two other persons, were apprehended on a charge of high treason; and Despard and seven associates being tried by special commission, and found guilty, were executed on the top of Horsemonger Lane gaol.

Lambeth was long noted as the abode of astrologers. In the house of the Tradescants, in South Lambeth Road, lived Elias Ashmole, who won Aubrey over to astrology. Simon Forman's burial is entered in the Lambeth parish register; he died on the day he had prognosticated. Captain Bubb, contemporary with Forman, dwelt in Lambeth Marsh, and "resolved horary questions astrologically," a ladder which raised him to the pillory. In Calcot Alley lived Francis Moore, astrologer, physician, and schoolmaster, who concocted "Moore's Almanack." Next to Tradescant's House, "The Ark," lived the learned

Dr. Ducarel, one of the earliest Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. Tradescant's garden was well stored with rare and curious plants, collected in his travels. He was "King's Gardener" to Charles I, and, with his son, assembled at Lambeth the rarities which became the nucleus of the Ashmolean Museum, now in the University Museum of Oxford.

At Narrow Wall, one of the embankments across the swampy fields, flourished for nearly fifty years Coade's manufactory of burnt artificial stone (a revival of *terra cotta*), invented by the elder Bacon, the sculptor, and first established by Mrs. Coade, from Lyme Regis. Of this material is the bas-relief at Greenwich Hospital, of the death of Nelson, designed by West. The Vauxhall Pottery, established two centuries since, by two Dutchmen, for the manufacture of Delft ware, is, probably, the origin of all our existing potteries; two other potteries at Lambeth were commenced in 1730 and 1741; the potters procure the clay from Devon and Dorset, and the ground flint from Staffordshire. Salt-glazed stone ware is made in Lambeth, of the yearly value of £100,000, of which more than half is paid for labour. In chemical works here, are combined the crushing of bones and the grinding of mustard, with the manufacture of soap and colours, and bone brushes; and stearine, glue, hartshorn, and phosphate of lime, are obtained by steam-power from the refuse of slaughtered cattle. The London Gas Company's Works at Vauxhall are stated to be the most powerful and complete in the world: their mains pass across Vauxhall Bridge to western London, and by Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, to Hampstead and Highgate, seven miles distant, where they supply gas with the same precision and abundance as at Vauxhall. Hawes's Soap and Candle Works, at the Old Royal Barge House, have existed for more than a century. Above Vauxhall Bridge are Price's Works, established 1842: here candles are made from cocoa-nut oil brought from the company's plantations in Ceylon, and palm-oil from the coast of Africa, landed from barges at the wharf at Vauxhall. The oil being converted, by chemical processes, into stearine, is freed from oleic acid by enormous pressure; is liquefied by steam, and then conveyed into the moulding machinery, by which 800 miles of wicks are continually being converted into candles. The buildings are of corrugated iron, and the furnaces consume their own smoke. Shot is made in the lofty towers immediately above and below Waterloo Bridge. The quadrangular tower is 150 feet high; in the upper storey the alloy of arsenic and lead is melted by a furnace, and is then ladled into a kind of cullender, through the holes of which it falls like rain, for about 130 feet, into water in the lower floor of the building. The circular shot tower, 100 feet high, is strikingly beautiful, rivalling Wren's London Monument. Plate-glass, for mirrors and coach-windows, was first made at Vauxhall by Venetian artists, under the patronage of the second Duke of Buckingham, in 1670. The establishment, which stood on the site of Vauxhall Square, was broken up in 1780. The finest Vauxhall plates we remember are those in the Speaker's State Coach. The Falcon Glasshouse, which has existed a century, in Holland Street (the site of Holland's Leaguer, the old moated Manor House of Paris Garden) occupies the site of the tide-mill, and is named from the Bankside Tavern, which is said to have been frequented by Shakespeare. The late proprietor of the Falcon Glass-works, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, wrote a small quarto, entitled "Curiosities of Glassmaking," published in 1848, now scarce.

In Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, are Clowes's Printing Works and Foundry, stated to be the largest

in the world: they were commenced by Augustus Applegath, the eminent engineer, and a great improver of steam-printing machinery. The works of Maudsley and Field, in the Westminster Road, commenced in 1810, employ from 1300 to 1400 workmen, besides steam-power. Here are fashioned immense metal screws, like the double tail of a whale; parts of engines several tons weight are lifted by cranes to be adjusted and joined together; cylinders are bored of such diameter that a man might almost walk upright through them; engines cut and shave hard iron as if it were soft wax; cutting instruments have a force of thirty tons; and steam hammers are of thirty cwt.

The district which we have here traversed with our mind's eye, and traced from a swampy suburb to a vast hive of industry, has a strange history. Its population has increased from 27,985, in 1801, to 139,240, in 1851; and 162,008, in 1861. Nearly to the present century, St. George's Fields lay waste, and were the scene of brutalising sports, political meetings, and low places of entertainment. In their water-ditches Gerard found water-violets; William Curtis, the celebrated botanist, in Lambeth Marsh assembled the finest and most complete arrangement of British plants ever before collected; and scores of gardens existed here to our times. But the life of the place was wasteful and recreant, to which the King's Bench Prison contributed. Here a riot was raised by the mobs, who went to visit Wilkes, one of the earliest inmates of the prison; here Lord George Gordon's Rioters met, June 2nd 1780; and on the 7th the 700 prisoners in the King's Bench were liberated, and the building set on fire by the mob. Lambeth, a few years since a feverish marsh, has been greatly improved by drainage, Maudsley's Foundry was raised on pillars from the swamp, where at times a boat might have floated; it is now, by drainage, firm and dry at all seasons. Lett's timber-wharf, from the time of Queen Elizabeth until the beginning of this century, amidst pools and marsh-streams, is now dry and healthy. The building of Waterloo Bridge, and the raised roadway above the Marsh and the Acre, was the first great improvement in the surface of the district, which still is low in the scale of mortality. Next was the extension of the South-Western Railway—from Nine Elms to Waterloo Road, two miles fifty yards—at a cost of £800,000, though it crosses the most grimy portion of Lambeth. Along the river bank, anaconda-like, upon arches, trends another railway extension from London Bridge, across the Thames, below the new bridge at Blackfriars.

Kennington, a manor of Lambeth, named from Saxon words, signifying the place or town of the King, had its royal palace eight centuries since. Here, in 1231, King Henry III held his court, and passed a solemn and stately Christmas; hither came a deputation of the chief citizens to Richard II, June 21st, 1377, "before the old King was departed." Here resided Henry IV and VI, and Henry VII shortly before his coronation; Katherine of Arragon was here for a few days; Edward III was here in 1379, from a document tested by the Black Prince, then only ten years of age. James I settled the manor, with other estates, on his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales; after his decease, on Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I, and they have ever since been held as part of the estate of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall. Charles was the last tenant of the palace, which was then taken down, and there was erected on the site a manor house, described in 1656, as an old, low, timber building. The palace stood within the triangular plot of ground near Ken-

nington Cross. Kennington Common (about twenty acres), was the place of execution for Surrey until the erection of the county gaol, Horsemonger Lane. On Kennington Common, in 1745, was hanged, with other rebels, "Jemmy Dawson," the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, and of another ditty, set to music by Dr. Arne, and sung about the streets. On the common preached, as we learn from his Diary, George Whitfield, to audiences of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand persons. The evening before he embarked for America, he preached here to 20,000 persons, on St. Paul's parting speech to the elders of Ephesus; the people were exceedingly affected; many tears were shed at parting, and Whitfield could scarce get to the coach for the people thronging him to take him by the hand and give him a parting blessing. In 1852, the common, with the site of the Pound, was granted by Act of Parliament, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, as part of the Duchy of Cornwall estate, to be enclosed and laid out as "pleasure grounds for the recreation of the public; but if it cease to be so maintained, it shall revert to the duchy." This has been done, and at the main entrance have been reconstructed the model lodging-houses, originally erected at the expense of Prince Albert the Good, for the great Exhibition of 1851; the walls are built with hollow and glazed bricks, and the floors are brick and stucco, the whole being fire-proof.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."
COWPER.

IV.—MARKS AND CROSSES.

THE other day, while taking some of my loophole-peeps, as I strolled through our little village of Minima Parva I had stopped at a thatched cottage to speak with Mrs. Giles, whose husband was a drainer. Her daughter Martha stood by; and, as this young woman was being "asked out in church"—as we, in the vernacular of Minima Parva, term the publication of banns of marriage—I took the liberty to say that I hoped, when her wedding day came, that even if John Jinks (the expectant bridegroom) did not write his name in the marriage-register, yet that she at least would do so. Martha blushed and simpered, and murmured something about not being much of a scholar, but could not deny that she had not forgotten her excellent copy-book performances at the village school, or that she was the scribe to half the people in the parish whenever the tremendous event of getting a letter written had to be performed. But my wish was futile, for, as I afterwards discovered, Martha Giles made "her mark" in the marriage-register, and thus, she and her husband, John Jinks, began their wedded life with "crosses." *Absit omen!*

This is a matter worth noting, because "the mark of Martha Giles" would be considered (and naturally so) a sufficient proof that the said Martha was so deficient in education as to be unable to pen her name. And yet this conclusion, although perfectly natural, would be utterly erroneous. It is said that statistics may be made to prove anything, when dexterously manipulated. But the statistics of marriage "marks and crosses," although involving a considerable amount of truth, certainly go beyond and outside of the real facts. National education is defective enough; but in this particular it is not quite

so black as it is painted. Yet it was upon the carefully-prepared statistics of marriage marks and crosses that Earl Russell, following many precedents, based a portion of the argument contained in his important speech on Education, made in the House of Lords, December 1st, 1867. "I may state," he said, "that there are in existence statistics showing the number of persons who could not write their names when they are married." These were unevenly distributed; but "the proportion generally, over England and Wales, may be taken at about 30 per cent.;" and this state of things, he thought, "justifies some proceedings of a very wide and comprehensive nature, to carry the blessings of education still further" than they have yet been carried. As to the main point, the desirableness of extending education so as to make those write who never wrote before, we are all agreed; but I certainly cannot place implicit reliance on the perfect accuracy of the statistics relating to marriage marks and crosses, as I know, from repeated evidence, that their appearance in the register-book is not to be accepted as an infallible sign that the persons who made them were unable to write their names. Quite the contrary. There are many Martha Giles in the world who possess scriptorial powers, which, for various reasons, they do not care to display



A MAN OF MARK.

on particular occasions. There is what the Irishman calls the sheepishness of the bovine race, the rustic bashfulness of our indigenous Arcadians, at writing before witnesses, especially in a church and in the presence of a parson. There are the hot hands, and the inability to draw from them the unaccustomed Berlin gloves, and there is the very pardonable agitation of the bride and bridegroom, which is sympathetically shared by the bridesmaid and best-man. These, and other causes, influence the contribution of marks and crosses to the marriage-register. There is sure to be a trembling of the hand, even though that trembling is merely the result of nervousness, and not caused by the vicious plan of "keeping spirits up by pouring spirits down," which, as the clergymen of seaport-

towns can testify, is often adopted by "Jack" and his friends, when they haste to the wedding. And when, from any cause, the hand-trembling exists, and is attended by no very great dexterity in penmanship, then it very probably happens that two or three, if not all four, who have to "witness" the wedding, prefer that the parson should do the writing, and that their own performance should be limited to making a cross for "their mark." Afterwards comes the inevitable statistician, who duly records that these people were so ignorant as to be unable to write; whereas they were not ignorant, but nervous, idle, thoughtless, and, worse still, untruthful. It is not long since that there was a wedding in a country church, the bridegroom being a very clever mechanic, who had charge of a steam-engine, and was in the receipt of high wages. But, although a skilled workman, he was altogether deficient in the art of writing, and he transacted his business affairs through the difficult medium of chalked hieroglyphics. To the surprise of the officiating clergyman (a stranger), this respectable, well-dressed man, on the pen being handed to him, declared his inability to write, and accordingly placed "his mark" in the book. His pretty young bride did the same. Some months after this, the clergyman had an opportunity to ask her if she had not received a more than ordinarily good education for a cottager's daughter, from having been at an excellent school in that neighbourhood. Yes, she had. "And of course you can write?"

"Oh, yes! I keep my husband's accounts and make out all the bills."

"Then why did you not write your name in the marriage-register?"

With a bright smile and an honest flush, she at once replied—

"Would I shame my husband on his wedding-day?" Here was true womanly delicacy, and the very essence of romance; but, to tell such persons that they have done wrong, and that they have told a falsehood in a most solemn place and on a very solemn occasion, would probably have no more weighty effect upon them than to tell them that they had been wilfully assisting in the preparation of erroneous statistics on marriage marks and crosses.

The parson-poet Crabbe writes thus on this subject:—

"Behold these marks uncouth! how strange that men
Who guide the plough should fail to guide the pen. * * *
Our peasants, strong and sturdy in the field,
Cannot these arms of idle students wield;
Like them, in feudal day, their valiant lords
Resign'd the pen and grasp'd their conqu'ring swords;
They, to robed clerks and poor dependent men,
Left the light duties of the peaceful pen;
Nor to their ladies wrote, but sought to prove,
By deeds of death, their hearts were fill'd with love."

These lines are from the poem of "The Parish Register."

The most singular marks that are found in parish-registers are those made by churchwardens, in the days spoken of in Crabbe's lines, when those parochial dignitaries could not pen their names, and the parson was frequently the one scribe of the parish. And those days are not so many centuries distant; for parish-registers did not exist before the year 1530, when they were first established by Cromwell, Lord Essex. At certain intervals the records in these registers were examined by the parson and his churchwardens, and a note to that effect was placed upon the parchment page, together with the names of the three examiners. Then, the obstacle of the churchwarden's ignorance of writing had to be surmounted by "their marks" being affixed to their names, as written by the parson, (i.e., the per-

son or person who has charge of the parish.) And each churchwarden invented for his signature or mark a certain hieroglyphic, which he continued to use on all similar occasions, and for which, as it were, he took out a patent which must not be infringed. I have even seen these churchwarden-marks branded on the oaken timbers of a church, which had been repaired or newly-roofed during their term of office. Their marks, however, were of a highly elaborate and complicated character, and very different from those marriage-marks of which I have been speaking, which are made by two strokes of the pen in the form of a cross, and are intended to represent the sacred symbol of salvation, as though they who made the marks pledged their solemn oath to the truth of the document they were called upon to attest.

The consideration of such marks and crosses may carry our thoughts to other cross-like marks, which are brought into prominence on a certain day in the year—which day usually falls in the month of April, and in the present year is on April 10th. Of course I refer to the cross buns of Good Friday. Speaking of buns, I recollect a conversation that I had, not with Mrs. Giles, but with her husband, the drainer. He was telling me how he and others had found, while draining, a stone coffin and various other things, which Giles called "pots, and pans, and sich like rubbidge," but which were, in fact, choice specimens of Samian ware and Romano-British pottery.

"And then," said Giles, after speaking of the discovery of heaps of oyster-shells, the remnants of the feasts of Roman epicures, "and then we fund a sight o' buns."

"Buns!" I cried, "how curious! What kind of buns?"

"They was Christian buns," replied Giles, with solemnity.

"Christian buns!" I echoed. "This is more curious still." Could they have been cross-marked buns? and, if so, what an interesting subject it would make for a paper to be read at the next meeting of the local Archaeological Society, at the neighbouring town of Maxima Parva, "On the Antiquity of Cross-buns, with Roman specimens obtained from ancient *tumuli*." But this day-dream was dispelled by Giles saying—

"Christian buns, you understand, sir. Skulls, arm-buns, thigh-buns, and sich like."

Upon which I was aware that Giles's provincial pronunciation of the word "bones" had somewhat led me astray. Yet this subject of the cross-bun is one that neither lacks its antiquarian nor archaeological interest; and, since it falls in with our present theme of marks and crosses, and can more appropriately be considered in the month of April than in any other month, let me ask the reader to bestow for a few moments a loophole-peep at what I may term the lore of the Lenten cake.

Of the old cries of London, familiarised to us by the spirited etchings of Marcellus Lauron, such as the New-River water, the writing-ink, the Holland socks, the mutton-pies, and the piping-hot fritters, the greater part have passed away; and of the few survivors which seem to connect us, if not exactly with "the tender grace of a day that is dead," yet, at least, with the pleasanter memories of a bygone time, there is one cry that still lovingly lingers among us, although it is heard but on one day in each year; and that is the Good Friday cry of "One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns!" The restriction of the bun to the particular day, its circular form—for an oval cross-bun would be deemed by purists in pastry to be as great a solecism as a round mince-pie that did not, therefore,

represent the true lengthened oval form of the sacred crotch or manger-cradle—and the emblematic cross marked within that circular form, these three points, of themselves, denote the Lenten Cake to be a species of consecrated bread. And this is no mere fancy or metaphor; for, formerly, such buns, or *eulogie*, were made from the dough of the mass-bread, in order that the priest might distribute them to such as were otherwise unable to partake in the sacramental celebration. These eucharistic wafers or sacred cakes were thus issued from consecrated buildings, to be eaten in private houses; and so, after the Reformation, it easily came to pass that Protestants retained the custom, so far as to eat in their houses an emblematic cake. Nor was it surprising that they should restrict its use to the most solemn fast-day of the year, because the cross that was marked upon the cake so especially reminded them of the great event commemorated on that day—"Holy Friday," as it was generally called; "Long Friday," as the Saxons termed it, perhaps with reference to the lengthened fastings and offices of the day—but a day to which the English Church alone throughout all Christendom has prefixed the emphatic appellation "Good," in remembrance of the unspeakably good things secured to mankind on that day. And so the cross-bun, the Lenten Cake, sweetened and flavoured with allspice, in token of the spices "prepared" by the pious Galilean women, was eaten at breakfast by devout Protestants on Good Friday morning, not without a certain reverent solemnity in keeping with the day.

So popular did these cakes become, that, in the earliest years of the present century, Chelsea alone supplied many thousand hot-cross buns to eager purchasers, who, from six in the morning to six in the evening of Good Friday, thronged the pavement beneath the wooden porticoes of the two royal bun-houses. For there were two houses, both claiming not only to be "the royal," but also "the original," until the sign of the one attained its grand climacteric by proclaiming itself to be "The real, old original Royal Bun-house;" after which, the force of titles could no further go. It was, however, by no means a subject for national sorrow when those two royal bun-houses fell into decadence; and it is to be hoped that their old customers learned to observe the day in a better manner than by flocking to the Chelsea piazzas to buy buns and interchange gossip and scandal. It was evident that although Christmas Day and Good Friday are the only two "close" holidays observed in England, when shops are shut and public offices are closed, yet that the Chelsea confectioners and other pastry-cooks of George III's day, could not make much of a holiday on Good Friday, so long as hot cross buns were in full demand. At the present time, they are made on the previous day, Maundy Thursday, so called because it was the *dies mandati*—"That thou doest, do quickly;"* and they are distributed on the evening of that day, or betimes on the Good Friday morning; so that both the makers and purchasers of cross-buns are enabled to pass the remainder of the day in a more befitting and profitable manner, than by crowding and chattering under the portico of a bun-house.

But these round cross-marked Lenten cakes were not always Christian buns, as my friend Giles would have said; rather are they christianised buns, for they have come down to us both from Jews and heathens.

* Or, the command was that to the Apostles, "do this," etc., relative to the institution of the Lord's Supper. Or, as others think, the command for humility—relative to the washing of feet; or, the command to love one another.

With the former they were the passover cakes, and were also eaten in memory of the manna. For this they were flavoured with coriander seed, which was similar to that "small, round thing" whose taste was "like wafers with honey," which served the children of Israel for bread in the wilderness. The Jewish women of Pathros, in Egypt, are described in the Bible as offering "cakes to the queen of heaven," who, doubtless, was Astarte; and these *liba* being in blasphemous imitation of the showbread, the prophet rebuked them for abandoning themselves to the heathen custom. It did not, therefore, originate with the Jews; and we must go back a step or two farther in the world's history in quest of the origin of buns.

Without wandering so far afield as patriarchal and antediluvian times, and endeavouring to identify the bun with the consecrated bread of the patriarch, or with a portion of Cain's sacrifice, we may stop short at the founder of twelve-villaged Athens, the enlightened Egyptian Cecrops; and we may rest content with the antiquity of 2,400 years that is thus credited to the bun. Cecrops' buns were sweet cakes made of flour and honey, and, no doubt, were the cakes just referred to, that were offered by the Jewish women "to the queen of heaven,"

"Astarte, whom the Phenicians called Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns."

It was, most probably, those lunar crescent horns whose form was stamped upon the cakes; and not only has Cecrops' cake, with its sacred symbol, been accepted as the original of our Good Friday cross-bun, but some philologists have even detected a connection and verbal resemblance between Astarte and Easter. And this brings us to the etymology of our word "bun." The horns marked upon the cake required but little alteration to change them from the horns of Astarte to those of the sacred ox, *bous* (oblique *boun*) which was not only a Greek, but also a more ancient Tartar word; and the consecrated cake, marked with the horns of the sacred ox, was thence called the *boun*,* from which we derive our "bun."

In process of time, the Greeks came to mark the round buns with the form of the cross, so that, by its means, the cake might be the more readily broken into four equal parts; and two such cross-marked cakes were found in the ruins of Herculaneum. The cross-mark now became general, and was adopted by Christians in the spirit symbolism. The eucharistic bread of the Greek church was thus stamped; and in St. Chrysostom's Liturgy the priest is described as "attentively and reverently" dividing the consecrated cross-marked wafer "into four pieces." And so we trace on, from Cecrops to

* At the very opening of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, we find ourselves in front of a formidable *boun*, over which scholiasts and commentators have fought and differed. The watchman is there made to say, that a great *boun* has come (or set foot) upon his tongue. Now, was this *boun* an ox or a bun? it might mean either; for the expression is evidently some proverbial or idiomatic saying. While it might only mean that something as weighty as the tread of an ox held down his tongue in silence, it might mean that he had been initiated into certain secrets through the medium of the sacred horn-marked cake; and, on the other hand, as certain Greek and Roman coins were stamped with the figure of an ox, it might mean that he had been bribed to keep silence, by the gift of an ox-marked piece of money. Curiously, at this very day, a crown piece is called, in thieves' argot, "a bull;" which bit of slang, like "toggery," from *toga*, is not altogether unclassical, if we allow that *pecunia* (money) is derived from *pecus* (cattle or oxen); to say nothing of our "bull" from *bous*, and "cow" from the same word, through the Sanscrit *gou*, the *o*, as is often the case in cognate languages, being turned into *g*. Thus, the *boun*, or bun, came to be symbolical of the animal; and it was certainly much cheaper and easier to offer a hundred such buns than the hecatomb of genuine oxen. Horn-marked buns, such as these, are mentioned by Julius Pollux and Diogenes Laertius.

Chrysostom, through *boun*, *libum*, and *eulogia*, until we come to our modern orthodox and Protestant cross-bun. Here, then, is a sequence of centuries for "marks and crosses."

Another loophole peep at the subject, and I have done with it. As might be expected, the sweet-spiced Lenten cake is not without its flavour of folk-lore—a flavour for which many of us have a toothsome weakness. Some people, instead of eating their cross-bun, carefully preserve it until the next Good Friday; and, in the twelve-month's interim, if the need should arise, they will find the bun, when grated and eaten, an infallible remedy against disease, no matter what that disease may be. As a specific, therefore, a mouldy cross-bun must be equally as valuable as Quackaway's pills. Did I say "mouldy?" I was wrong. Such buns never grow mouldy, as ordinary buns would. Even poor Robin bore testimony to this, in his *Almanac* for 1753, where, speaking of the cross-buns, he says—

"Whose virtue is, if you'll believe what's said,
They'll not grow mouldy like the common bread."

Of course they will not; or, if they did, it would only show that they had not been rightly made. But, not only will a cross-bun kept in the house from one Good Friday to the next, preserve its possessors from sickness, it will also save them from the expense of insuring their property from fire; for it is a canon of faith with believers in folk-lore, that "the devouring element" can never consume that house in which is preserved the charmed cross-marked Lenten cake that was once a Good Friday hot cross-bun.

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBBENT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS."

III.

LADIES bear their arms upon a lozenge or diamond-shaped figure. The only existing exception is that of her Majesty the Queen, who bears her armorial insignia upon a complete shield. And the reason for this anomaly is explained in the following apposite rhyme:—

"Our sagest men of lore define
The kingly state as masculine,
Puisant, martial, bold, and strong,
The stay of right, the scourge of wrong;
Hence those that England's sceptre wield
Must buckle on broadsword and shield,
And o'er the land and o'er the sea
Maintain her sway triumphantly."

The origin of the lozenge is uncertain, and numerous and curious hypotheses have been suggested. Menestrier, in his "*Pratique des Armoires*," considers it to have had its rise in an ancient Hollandaise custom. He says—"In Holland the custom prevails every year, in May, to affix verses and *lofzangen* (songs of praise), in lozenge-formed tablets, on the doors of newly-made magistrates. Young men hung such tablets on the doors of their sweethearts, or on those of newly-married persons. Also, on the death of distinguished persons, lozenge-shaped pieces of black cloth, or velvet, with the arms, name, and date of the death of the deceased, were exhibited on the front of the house. And since there is little to be said of women, except on their marriage or death, for this reason has it become customary on all occasions to use for them the lozenge-shaped shield." The most popular theory is that which represents the lozenge to be typical of the ancient spindle, formerly so much used by ladies. There is also a tradition extant which asserts that whenever a Roman warrior found a shield unfit for use, he transferred it to one of the gentler sex, who was permitted to place her ensign

upon it, providing that one corner was always uppermost. And, while some antiquarians believe the lozenge to have had its origin in the use of hatchments, others consider it to be due to the circumstance recorded by Plutarch in his "*Life of Theseus*," that in Megara, an ancient town of Greece, diamond-shaped tombstones were placed over the bodies of deceased Amazons.

In reference to the royal arms the uninitiated may be glad to know that they are not the family bearings of the royal family, but the arms of England; and that, by the laws of heraldry, no person, be his or her station what it may, can use or quarter those insignia without adding some difference, *i.e.*, an additional charge, or ensign. The supporters in the royal arms, of a lion and a unicorn, have been borne uninterruptedly by successive sovereigns since James I, but the arms in their present form have only been borne by her Majesty, as, on her accession to the throne, the arms of Hanover were removed from the shield. Concerning the supporters, a very popular error appears to exist among artists, as these persons frequently draw them in a couchant, instead of an erect position. Whenever, therefore, the lion and the unicorn are displayed seated or lying down, the emblazonment is incorrect.

The income derived by the Government from the tax on armorial bearings has been materially augmented during the last few years, and there is an evidently increasing desire among the community to bear arms. In modern heraldry, however, the incidents connected with the grants of arms are mostly of a prosaic character, and oftentimes partake more of the ludicrous than the sentimental. As an instance of this, we may mention that within the last few years a successful city merchant applied at Herald's College for a grant of arms. The device he desired to bear was a pile of shot proper, upon an argent (silver) field, and for a crest a black deer-hound. These arms were duly granted to him, and he then explained that his only object in making such a selection was due to the circumstance that on his road to the college he had seen a pile of shot shining brightly in the sun, and had also admired a stranger's dog of the species described. Future generations will probably believe that the arms indicated were granted to some brave ancestor who achieved renown for his skill as an artillery officer, while the crest may be supposed emblematic of faithfulness, watchfulness, or swiftness. Another modern anecdote is worthy of being recorded. In 1832 the Lord Lyon of Scotland issued a notice that all persons illegally using armorial bearings were liable to have confiscated all their plate, carriages, and other articles on which they were depicted or engraved. Apropos of this, a few years subsequently, much ridicule was passed on a well-known citizen of Glasgow. He was an iron-master who, having suddenly become wealthy, purchased a handsome equipage, on which were painted the former owner's armorial insignia and supporters. Continuing to prosper, he bought a newer and handsomer carriage, on which he deliberately ordered to be copied the arms that appeared on his former purchase. Information being laid at the office of Lord Lyon, an order was promptly given for the removal of the ensigns, a circumstance that caused him to become the object of much ridicule.

If the above-mentioned fact is not strictly romantic, it is as much a curiosity as the under-mentioned legend is a portion of the poetry of heraldry.

Hamon de Crève-Cœur, Lord of Chatham, and ancestor of the families of Hayman and Heymen, attended Richard I to the Holy War, accompanied by his three noble sons. These youths distinguished themselves by

their gallantry at Acre and at Joppa, but shortly after, at the yet more desperate fight of Ascalon, the unhappy father saw his children killed one by one. Bowed down by grief, he was sufficiently strengthened by hope and confidence in the right to rally his scattered spirits, and to continue, both with counsel and hand, to fight manfully against the enemy. Yet was his heart sad. All thoughts of earthly pride deserted him, and when a truce was agreed upon between Richard and Saladin, he returned to his native land childless and almost heart-broken. Yet was he not entirely without comfort, believing, in the mistaken spirit of those times, that all who fell fighting against the followers of the "false prophet" were certain to reach the goal of heaven. In order, therefore, to express his sense of abasement, bereavement, and confident hope, he made an alteration in the bearings of his shield. His arms had previously been on a field or, three chevronelles gules, but he changed them to a field argent charged with a chevron between three martlets sable. He thus expressed by the field that he no longer delighted in earthly glory, but rather wished to walk beneath the calm, pale skies of humility and peace. The proud gold of his shield was thus altered into the meaner silver, while the martlets, those birds of passage, which, like the birds of paradise, cannot alight on earth, denoted by their number the number of his sons, and, by their character, his belief that the lost champions had but deserted earth for heaven. This was also further indicated by the motto "*Cœlum non solum*" (Heaven not earth).

To King Robert Bruce tradition attributes the grants of numerous armorial bearings, the circumstances connected with which are replete with interest. One of these refers to an incident that occurred to him shortly prior to his victory at Bannockburn, and during the period when he was being hunted as a fugitive in the islands and western portions of Scotland. Upon one occasion he was pursued so closely, that he would have been killed, or taken prisoner, had not two men, named Torrance, given him some timely aid by rowing him in their boat over a frith, or arm of the sea, and so enabled him to escape. The allusion to this service is obvious, both in the arms and in the motto now borne by the Torrance family, viz., on a field per pale gules and or, two boat's oars in saltire azure, with the motto, "I saved the King."

The ancient family of Sprotts, resident at Urr, also owe their position and armorial bearings to a favour rendered to the same monarch by a female ancestor. Indeed, they hold their lands, a portion of which is called the King's Mount, subject to their presenting to the Scottish monarch, for the time being, a dish of "butter-brose" whenever he, or she, passes Urr. In reference to this peculiar tenure the following legend is extant:—About the year 1309, when Robert was obliged to wander about from place to place with a small band of devoted followers, he was attacked in the wilds of Galloway by a troop of English cavalry under the command of Sir Walter Selby. The number of combatants was about equal, and the battle took place near the cottage of a soldier-herdsman named Sprott. The fight was so severe, that, with the exception of the commanders, all engaged in it were stretched on the ground dead or wounded. The King and Selby, however, continued to hew away at each other in a most furious manner, and the clashing of their swords excited the attention of Sprott's wife. This woman was both bold and shrewd, and, having an intuitive feeling that one of the two knights was a Scotchman, she naturally desired to assist her countryman; but, as the vizors of both combatants were down,

she was unable to distinguish them. The conflict continued to rage without advantage being gained by either party. At last, however, Bruce dealt his adversary a blow which, though it staggered, did not fell him. Selby, goaded by the blow he had received, uttered an imprecation in Norman-Saxon, and prepared to return the compliment. He reckoned, however, without his host, as dame Sprott, distinguishing him by his accent as a Southron, sprang upon him, seized a lock of hair which hung from his helmet, and pulled him down upon his back. The fallen man was compelled to yield, and, from the dialogue which ensued between the victor and the captive, the heroine of the cottage discovered that she was in the presence of her king. She accordingly invited him to her dwelling, and on his arrival there she offered him some butter-brose for breakfast, a repast that was willingly accepted, inasmuch as he had scarcely tasted food for three days. Although liberal with her food to Bruce, the bold woman intimated to Selby, in terms by no means complimentary, that he should not be regaled by her, and, saving the king's presence, she would have thrown the brose into his face. Resisting the entreaties of the monarch, she persevered in this resolution, until the good-humoured Bruce, partly to prevent his captive from going without food, but chiefly to reward her loyalty and daring, thus addressed her: "All this land, both hill and dale, is mine, and I make thee lady of as much of it as thou canst run round while I am eating my breakfast. The brose is hot and the bowl is large, so kilt thy coats and run." She accordingly tucked up her coats and started off at full speed. Quickly did she run round the hill, and round the holm, cogitating on the probability that during her absence the generous Bruce would not fail to impart a portion of his breakfast to the hated Southron. Comforting herself, however, with the consideration that no two men could possibly empty the bowl, she completed the circle which she had proposed to herself, and kept exclaiming somewhat loudly, "No doubt we shall be called the Sprotts of the Mount Urr, while Dalbeattie wood grows, and while Urr water runs, and the tenure by which we shall hold our lands will be the presenting of butter-brose to the kings of Scotland, when they chance to pass the Urr." King Robert, overhearing her, said, "On thine own terms, my brave dame, shall the Sprotts of Urr hold this heritage." And King Robert's bowl, as it is called, is still preserved in the Sprott family, and in their arms is a royal crown, a bearing conferred upon them by the grateful monarch.

As a contrast to the foregoing will be found the charge of three chess rooks in the arms of the present Admiral Walcott, M.P., said to have been granted by Henry VII to John of Walcott, in consequence of his having been beaten at chess by his faithful subject.

The pious spirit displayed by Hamon, Lord of Chatham, in the alteration of his arms, leads us to remark, in conclusion, that many heraldic mottos have a religious or devotional origin or meaning. Such are the following, borne by some living men of note:—*A cruce salus* (Salvation from the cross), the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, M.P.; *Spes mea in Deo* (My hope is in God), Sir B. L. Guinness, M.P.; *Christi crux est mea lux* (The cross of Christ is my light), the Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P.; *Deus prosperat justos* (God prospers the just), Sir W. Heathcote, M.P.; *In te, domine, speravi* (In Thee, O Lord, I have placed my hope), Col. W. Meller, M.P.; *Omne bonum ab alto* (All good is from above), Sir F. Crossley, M.P.; *Vive revicturus* (Live as one about to live hereafter), Col. H. H. Vivian, M.P. And many more might be quoted.

, 1882.

con-
ther
ry a
him.
l an
turn
his
cent
hair
upon
and,
and
that
ngly
she
past
rcely
her
r, in
t be
ould
the
olu-
vent
to
ner:
lake
hile
the
ord-
eed.
olm,
ence
n of
her-
men
rcle
ning
the
ood
by
ting
they
her,
the
ert's
roth
ring

the
sent
by
his

nam,
con-
s or
ing,
alus
rl of
od),
lux
Sir
God
do-
pe),
ood
urus
ian,

RECENT BOOKS.

"THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE:"

LEISURE THOUGHTS FOR BUSY LIVES.

With numerous Engravings by NOEL HUMPHREYS, HARRISON WEIR, and other eminent Artists. 8vo. 6s. 6d. in cloth boards, elegant, gilt edges.

"I never saw anything more gracefully or rightly done—more harmoniously pleasant in text and illustration."—*Mr. Ruskin*.
"A collection of a series of papers which appeared in the *LEISURE HOUR* and *SUNDAY AT HOME*, and which attracted considerable attention by their acute observation, poetical conception, and natural devoutness. They suggest to us what we may see in nature if we look for it. Rarely has even the Tract Society put forth a more graceful little work than this. The illustrations are of unusual excellence."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"Altogether, it is one of the purest and most beautiful gift-books of the season."—*Art Journal*.
"How well the author loves nature, it needs but a glance at these pretty pages to tell. He takes the months in their turn, and from every leaf, and flower, and sunbeam, and flake of snow, he brings out a moral, not obtrusively, but as though it naturally sprung from the subject in hand. Many full-page engravings illustrate the text, and many smaller blocks of great beauty are scattered hither and thither. The cover, in purple and gold, renders the volume fitted to lie on any drawing-room table, from which it will be more frequently lifted than many of its gay but too frequently rapid companions."—*Standard*.

"The happily-chosen title of this elegant and useful gift-book is taken from Wordsworth's beautiful description of the true poet's vocation. It consists of a series of simple, touching, and devout meditations, adapted to the different periods of the year. They show how much food for profitable thought the common things that lie around us may furnish to a devout and thoughtful spirit. The style is chaste and finished; the book is well printed, and the illustrations are marked by elegance and good taste."—*Nonconformist*.

"The writer is a keen observer of the analogies between things admired by the eye and the reflections of the human mind; and the result is a very suggestive book. Some of the engraved illustrations are exquisite."—*Clerical Journal*.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE.

WITH TWENTY-NINE ENGRAVINGS BY JOHN TENNIEL.

Handsomely bound, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

"These pictures are drawn with Mr. Tenniel's characteristic skill, and are carefully engraved."—*Art Journal*.

"There are two preachers in this volume, the author and the artist; and the latter quite as impressive as the former. This is really a beautiful and valuable little book."—*Court Circular*.

"The illustrations are exceedingly good. We would warmly commend the book."—*Weekly Review*.

MEMORIALS OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

By the Rev. C. B. TAYLER, M.A. With nearly One hundred Engravings by eminent Artists. Bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

"The author deserves great praise for the care and industry with which he has gathered together the particulars relating to the martyrs themselves, and the places in which they ministered and suffered. In a literary and artistic point of view, this volume is a remarkable one; for it contains a well-digested narrative of every event which distinguished the men and their times; and a large number of highly-finished woodcut engravings, illustrative of the events and places described."—*Bookseller*.

"Passing from Lutterworth to Smithfield, from Smithfield to Carmarthen, from Carmarthen to Canterbury, each martyr is reverently followed. The illustrations are well selected and admirable; and this handsome book will worthily perpetuate memories which England never more needed to cherish than at this hour."—*Christian World*.

THE ORPHANS OF GLEN ELDER.

By the Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles." Fcap. 8vo. Engravings. 2s. cloth boards. 2s. 6d. extra cloth boards. [Now published.]

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

By Miss M. L. WHATELY. Engravings. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges.

"It is an ingenious delineation of Egyptian life and manners. The thread of the work is the history of a diamond, which passes from one owner to another, in almost every condition of life—from the merchant to the harem, from the traveller to the Bedouin's tent. These varieties of life, social and religious, are described with a fulness of knowledge which a long residence in Cairo has given, and with a literary skill far above the average. The illustrations are good."—*British Quarterly Review*.

PILGRIM STREET.

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc. With Engravings. Cloth boards, 2s. cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

"Every one who has read 'Jessica's First Prayer' will eagerly anticipate a new tale from the same author's pen. 'Pilgrim Street' will not disappoint their expectations. It is a wholesome, clever, and touching tale of Manchester life. The religious purpose is not obtruded, but its feeling is thoroughly instilled."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"This wholesome and clever story may be recommended to the buyers of religious tales. The moral is unexceptionable; and some of its illustrations are of more than ordinary artistic merit."—*Athenaeum*.

"A charming story, and capitally illustrated."—*Morning Star*.

"This is a story of Manchester life, by the author of one of the most touching stories we ever read. This new tale is not unworthy of her former ones; and we can hardly give it higher praise."—*Freeman*.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

Royal 16mo. Engravings. 1s. boards; 1s. 6d. extra bevelled boards, gilt edges.

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE RECORD.'"

"November 28th, 1867.

"SIR,—As a preliminary to the appeal we are about to make in behalf of a plan to give to many of the most destitute children of the metropolis, in or out of ragged schools, one or two dinners in each week, may I direct the attention of your readers to a short tale, just published by the Religious Tract Society, bearing the title of 'Jessica's First Prayer.' This beautiful tale exhibits a singularly minute and accurate knowledge of that class, its wants, and its capabilities. As a literary effort it will hardly find a rival for nature, simplicity, pathos, and depth of Christian feeling. The writer is doubtless a woman—no man on earth could have composed a page of it.

"Your obedient servant,

"SHAFFESBURY."

LUDOVIC; OR, THE BOY'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "The Awdries and their Friends." 18mo. 2s. boards; 2s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges.

"A good school-boy story, exhibiting the power of conscience and the peace which follows obedience to its dictates."—*Clerical Journal*.

"This is as admirably written a tale for boys as anything the Religious Tract Society has ever produced. It is the school-boy history of a missionary's son, who, by his quiet, unobtrusive, Christian conduct, makes a permanent impression for good on one of the older boys."—*Nonconformist*.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME,

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

The Manuscript Man. (With Illustrations.)
 Quiet Thoughts. III. Of Noise and Tamult.
 London Churches. Hackney. (With Fine Illustrations.)
 The Bible Pharaohs. Pharaoh's Daughter. By Rev. Canon Trevor (With Illustration.)
 Days in the Desert.—II. Sinai. By Rev. John Stoughton. (With Engraving.)
 Stone made Bread.
 Raddon Darracott.
 How God heard a Mother's Prayer.
 "Only a Servant."
 The Divine Physician.
 The Hidden Purpose.
 Jewish Ritual. III.
 The Cotter's Saturday Night. (With Engraving.)
 King Ptolemy's Elephants. (With Illustration by Doré)
 Poetry:—The Old Sun Dial. (With Engraving.)—Waiting.
 The Pulpit in the Family:—How to be Freed from Care.—The Penitent in the Pharisee's House.—Simon Magus.—A Glimpse of the Redeemed in Glory.
 Sabbath Thoughts:—The King of Glory.—The Burden Lifted.—The Visit.—The Poor Rich Man.
 Pages for the Young:—The Fisherman's Daughters.
 Scripture Exercises.
 Monthly Religious Record.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL.

The Manuscript Man. (With Illustrations.)
 Sunday at the Cariboo Diggings.
 The Bible Pharaohs. VII, VIII. The Pharaoh of the Exodus. By Rev. Canon Trevor. (With Engravings.)
 A Family of Honourable Women.
 A Biography of the Te Deum.
 Dr. Marsh. With Portrait and Engraving of Beddington Church.
 St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. (With Coloured Illustration.)
 Days in the Desert. III, IV. By Rev. John Stoughton.
 Quiet Thoughts. IV. Of Children.—Musings in the Nursery. (With Illustration.)
 The Old Dressmaker.
 Music:—The Stone rolls away.
 Poetry:—The Voice of the Departed.—Spring Time.—The Father to his Child.
 The Pulpit in the Family:—Spring.—The Living Saviour.—The Bow in the Cloud.—Counury.
 Sabbath Thoughts:—The Grain of Mustard Seed.—Christ Risen or not Risen.—The Words with which we are to Comfort one another.—Eternal Wisdom.
 Pages for the Young:—The Fisherman's Daughters. (Concluded.)
 Scripture Exercises.
 Monthly Religious Record.

IN MONTHLY PARTS, SIXPENCE; IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, ONE PENNY.

Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

The Mortons of Morton Hall. (With Illustrations.)
 The Money Market.
 Robert Grosteste. (With Illustration.)
 Life in Japan.
 On Board the Galatea. (With fine Engraving.)
 Far-off Vision.
 Peeps through Loopholes at Men, Manners, and Customs. (With Illustration.)
 The Midnight Sky at London. (With Diagrams.)
 Curicassies of Paddington.
 Alone at Sea.

Teetotalism.
 Financial Notabilities.
 In the White Sea. (With Engraving.)
 Who's to go? or, Reducing the Staff in a Government Office.
 Characteristic Letters.
 Elephant Hunting in South Africa. (With Illustration.)
 Submerged Islands.
 Skating in Halifax, N. S.
 A Word on the East Wind. (With Illustration.)
 The Romance of Heraldry.—II.
 Varieties.

RECENT NOTICES.

"A righteous book, like a righteous man, holds on its way, and grows stronger and stronger. The LEISURE HOUR has completed its sixteenth volume, and it has been improving ever since its first."
 —*British Quarterly Review*.
 "Respecting the annual volumes of the LEISURE HOUR and the SUNDAY AT HOME, it is impossible to say anything, save to reiterate the praise that we have for many years bestowed upon them. They are not 'better than ever,' simply because it was impossible to improve them; but they are both as good as ever, and surely that is saying a great deal."
 —*Standard*.
 "The LEISURE HOUR contains an amount of solid information on subjects of general interest that cannot be obtained for anything like the publishing price elsewhere. The fiction is of a high order. The SUNDAY AT HOME is, though of a different cast, equal in point of excellence."
 —*City Press*.
 "Lively, genial, and instructive as ever."
 —*Record*.
 "THE SUNDAY AT HOME and the LEISURE HOUR are generally excellent reading."
 —*Guardian*.
 "Amid the many competitors for public favour, we know of none which excel—or, in their own especial department, equal—the LEISURE HOUR and the SUNDAY AT HOME. Instructive without tedium, lively without levity, varied without neglect of point and power; above all, keeping steadily in view the spiritual and moral, as well as the intellectual improvement of their readers, these periodicals both deserve success, and have achieved it."
 —*Evangelical Christendom*.

"It is a mistake altogether to look upon the LEISURE HOUR as adapted only for young persons and work-people; for the fact is, it appeals to all classes of readers, and its pages are often enjoyed by those whose literary tastes and appliances are of a high order."
 —*Clerical Journal*.
 "Excellent magazines. As issued in monthly parts they are marvellously cheap, and when bound form most attractive volumes."
 —*Scotsman*.
 "This volume is a little library, rather than a single book. A prominent merit of the LEISURE HOUR, very apparent in the new volume, is the care that is taken to impart freshness of interest to the periodical issues. There are few respects in which any of its contemporaries outstrip this excellent periodical, and there are many and important respects in which it stands above them all."
 —*Edinburgh Daily Review*.
 "It is hard to overrate the value of such a cheap, healthy, and intelligent periodical as the LEISURE HOUR. . . . As to the SUNDAY AT HOME, when the whole year's issue meets the eye at once, its variety, freshness, and fitness for its object, are really extraordinary. Spaces between services, wet Sundays in the country, or the sick-room, need some occupation, and it should not be mere sermonising, or all in one strain, nor very dead or exhausting to the mind. There is no magazine which meets all these requirements better than this; we know of none which fulfils them all so well."
 —*Dublin Daily Express*.

** The "Leisure Hour" and the "Sunday at Home" are still issued in WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY.

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

PART
187.

THE

LEISURE HOUR

MAY, 1868.

Contents

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL— Chaps. XXVIII— XXXVIII	273, 289, 305, 321, 337
THE GOLDEN RULE.	277
THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL—II.	279
PEEPS THROUGH LOOP- HOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS	286
THE WORKSHOP RE- GULATION ACT	294
THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON	296
CORAL AND THE CORAL FISHERY	301
DER BLAVEN SEE	302
THE REIGN OF LAW.	304



Contents

THE POST-OFFICE	309
TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN	312, 343
A CASE OF DOUBLE VISION	316
ODD MOMENTS	319
CHARACTERISTIC LET- TERS	325
HINTS ON SICK- NURSING	327
INDIAN THIEVES	332
BEE-BATTLES	335
MUDDLERS	341
JUAN DE VALDES	347
LIFE IN JAPAN—IV.	348
WORLDLY WISDOM OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	351
VARIETIES	320, 352

ALMANACK FOR

MAY, 1868.

1 F Pr. Arthur b. 1850	9 S Half Qr. Day	17 S ROGATION SUNDAY	25 M Ps. Helena b. 1846
2 S ☽ rises 4.31 A.M.	10 S 4 SUN. AFT. EAST.	18 M Venus sets 11.46 P.M.	26 T ☽ rises 3.56 A.M.
3 M 3 SUN. AFT. EAST.	11 M Saturn rises 8.24 P.M.	19 T Leng. of N. Sh. 16m.	27 W D. of Cumb. b. 1819
4 M Leng. of D. 14h. 58m.	12 T Twil. ends 10.40 P.M.	20 W ☽ sets 7.50 P.M.	28 T 1st Qu. 11.43 P.M.
5 T ☽ sets 7.27 P.M.	13 W 1st farthest from ☽	21 T Asc. D. (P 6.36 A.M.)	29 S Oxf. East Trin. ends
6 W Full ☽ 6.37 P.M.	14 T 1st last Qu. 5.15 P.M.	22 F Trin. L. Tm. b. New	30 S Oxf. Trin. Tm. beg.
7 T Venus gr. elongation	15 F ☽ rises 4.11 A.M.	23 S [Victoria b. 1819	31 S WHIT SUNDAY
8 F East. Law Term ends	16 S Clock aft. ☽ 3m. 51s.	24 S SUN. AFT. ASC. QU.	

LONDON;
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To Correspondents and Contributors.—All manuscripts should have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter the title of the MS. should be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS.; miscellaneous contributions being sent in too great numbers to be always acknowledged or returned.

Payment and Copyright.—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

Advertisements.—Complaints having been made of the insertion of objectionable advertising bills in "The Leisure Hour," the public are informed that all such bills have been inserted without authority.

Withdrawal of Early Numbers.—"The Leisure Hour" can be obtained in Volumes only from 1856 to 1860 inclusive, but in Numbers or Volumes from 1861. The earlier Numbers are out of print.

Portfolios and Cases for Numbers and Volumes.—For the preservation of the weekly numbers of "The Leisure Hour," portfolios, provided with 52 cords, are supplied at the cost of 1s. 2d. each. CLOTH CASES, for binding the Volume at the end of the year, may also be had at the Depository, or through any periodical-dealer, price 1s. 2d.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

The Monthly Parts of "The Leisure Hour" are now registered for transmission by Foreign Post at Newspaper Rates. It is desirable that the words "REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD" should be conspicuously inscribed on the wrapper. The following are the Rates of Postage to some of the principal places where the Newspaper Rates are available, as derived from the Official Postal Guide:—

Name of Place.	Via.	Rates of Postage.	Name of Place.	Via.	Rates of Postage.
Australia . . .	Southampton & Suez	1d. each.	Japan . . .	Southampton .	2d. each.
Austria . . .	France . . .	4d. "	Madagascar . .	Southampton .	2d. * "
Baden . . .	France . . .	4d. "	Malta . . .	Southampton .	1d. "
Bavaria . . .	France . . .	4d. "	Mauritius . . .	Southampton .	2d. "
Belgium . . .	Direct packet .	2d. "	Mexico . . .	Southampton .	1d. * "
Bermuda . . .	Halifax or St. Thomas	1d. "	Natal . . .	By direct packet	1d. "
Brazil . . .	Southampton .	1d. "	New Brunswick .	Halifax . . .	1d. "
Canada . . .	Canadian packet	1d. "	Newfoundland	1d. "
Cape Coast Castle	1d. "	New South Wales .	Southampton & Suez	1d. "
Cape of Good Hope .	By direct packet	1d. "	New Zealand . .	Southampton & Suez	1d. "
Ceylon . . .	Southampton .	2d. "	Nova Scotia . .	Halifax . . .	1d. "
China . . .	Southampton .	2d. "	Sierra Leone	1d. "
Egypt . . .	Southampton .	1d. * "	Spain . . .	France . . .	4d. "
France and Algeria	2d. "	Switzerland . .	France . . .	4d. "
Gibraltar . . .	Southampton .	1d. "	Tasmania . . .	Southampton & Suez	1d. "
Holland . . .	Belgium . . .	1d. * "	United States	4d. "
Hong Kong . . .	Southampton .	2d. "	Vancouver's Island	New York . . .	2d. * "
India . . .	Southampton packet	3d. "	West Indies (British)	1d. "
Italy (except Papal States)	4d. "			

* Additional to pay on delivery.—The rates of postage to any part not mentioned in this list can be ascertained by application at a Post-office.

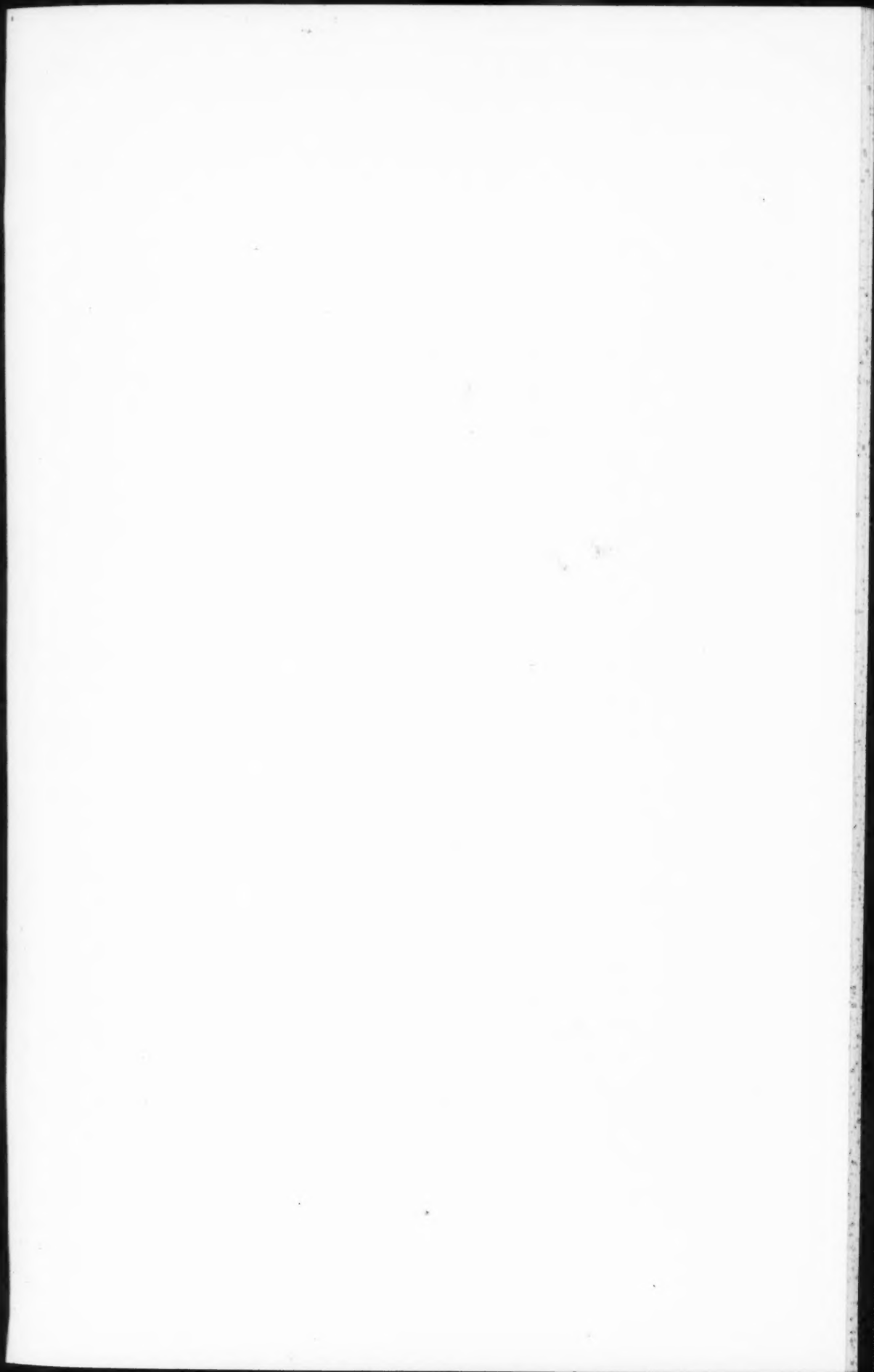
It should be observed that the *Monthly Parts* only are registered, and that they must be posted within fourteen days after date of publication.

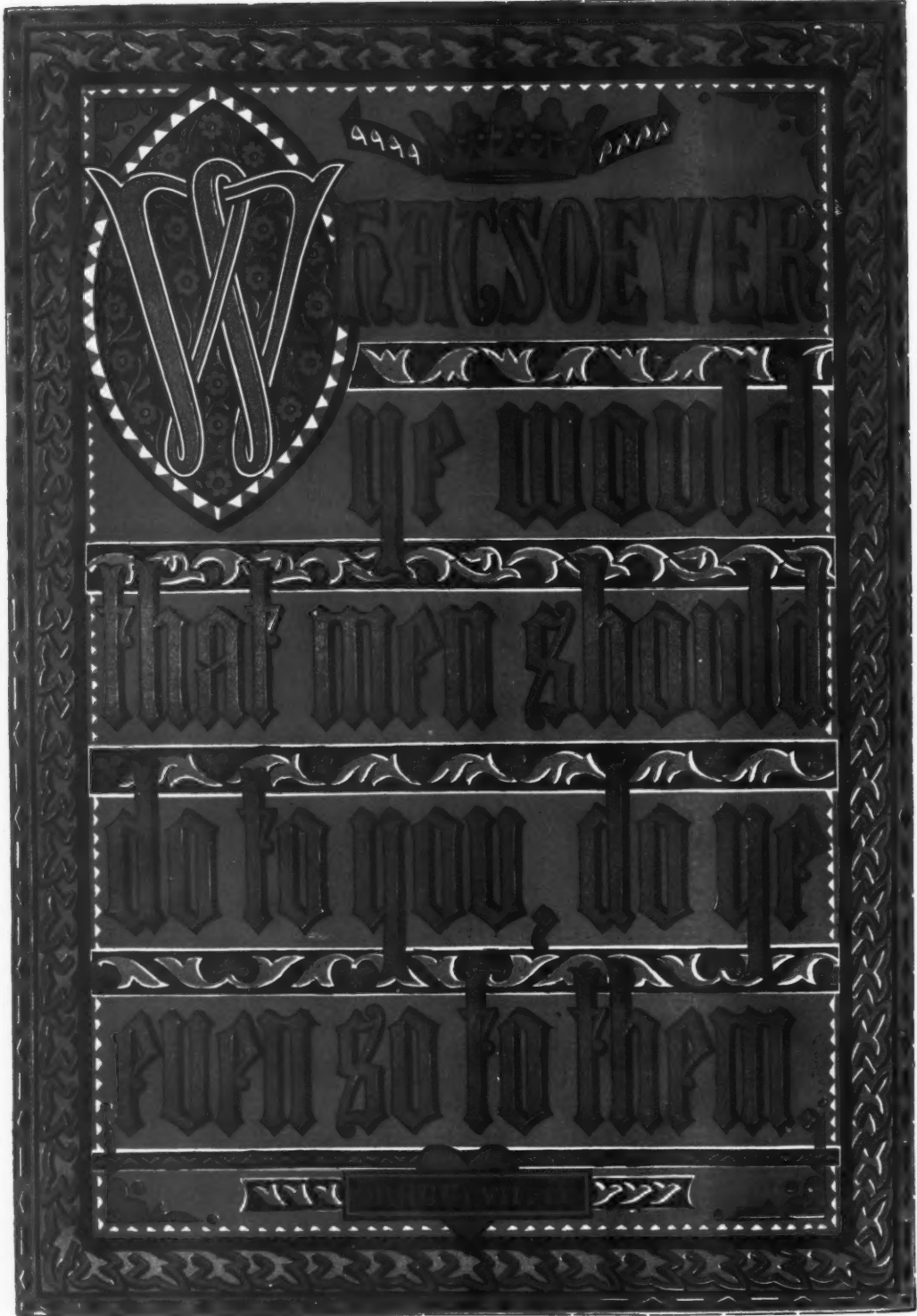
In case of any difficulty arising with local Post-offices, it is recommended that a statement of the facts be forwarded to the Secretary of the General Post-office, London.

Orders for the transmission abroad of "The Leisure Hour," direct from the Office, should be addressed to the Publisher, and accompanied by prepayment for both magazine and postage.

ALMANACK.

THE Astronomical Calendar which appears on the first page of this wrapper is specially prepared for "THE LEISURE HOUR" by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory. In addition to the ordinary dates and facts found in almanacks, its object is to give, in as concise a form as possible, by the help of abbreviations, the phenomena relating to the sun, moon, and planets during the month. Among these will be found the times of the principal phases of the moon; when she is at her greatest or least distances from the earth; solar and lunar eclipses; eclipses of the satellites in the shadow of Jupiter, etc. Also the dates of conjunction, or near approach, of the planets, and occasionally the hour when they pass the meridian of Greenwich. We shall likewise include the dates of discovery of the minor planets, which will probably familiarise, in some degree, the names of these minute bodies, whose existence is still so imperfectly known among general readers.





THE GOLDEN RULE.

T
CHAP
TH
WE
THE
Lake
Ame
north
acco
few c
No